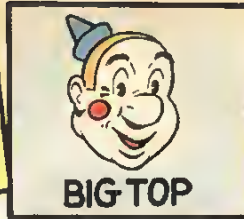




SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

# FEATURE

COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.C.  
9

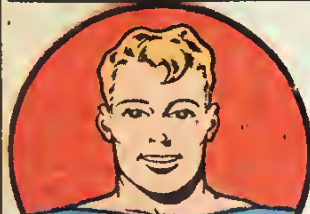
SEPTEMBER  
No.126

*The*  
**Doll Man**  
casts for suckers and  
lands Mr. PIKE!

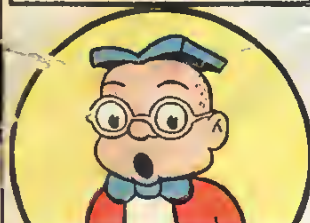
10¢



LALA PALOOZA



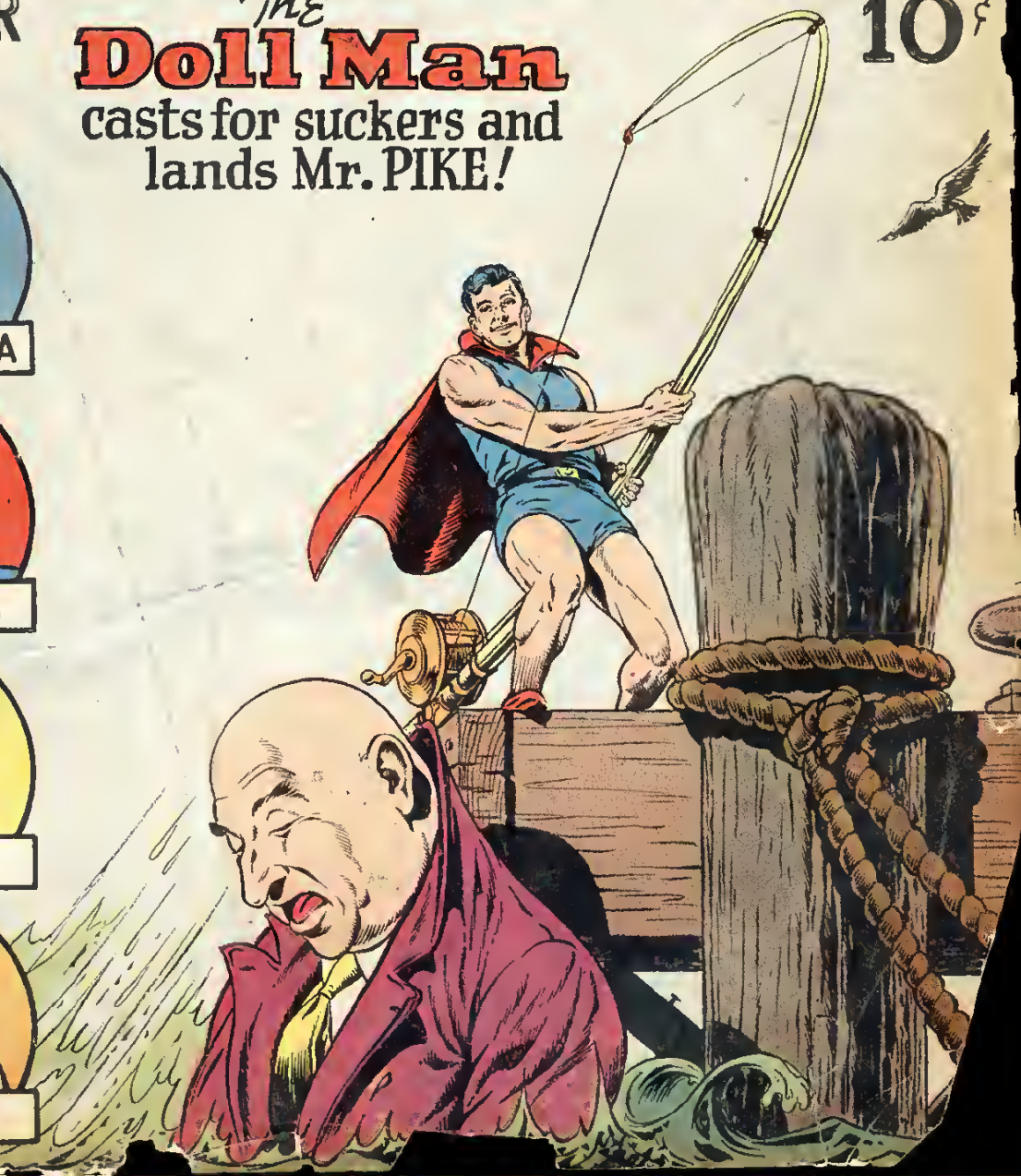
RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC  
BECAUSE YOU**

**Make Money With Your Own**

**A Real Money-Maker  
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP  
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

**SEND NO MONEY:** send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



**\$1.98**  
Post Paid  
Complete With  
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in  
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX  
BLAZES WITH LIGHT  
AS IT FLASHES:**

*It's Wise to be Thrifty*

**AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63**

**AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!**



**Sturdy  
Steel  
Construction**

**SEND NO MONEY**

Merely clip ad and mail today. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



**AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63**

**famous  
Simplex PORTABLE  
TYPEWRITER**

**Only \$2.98**  
Post Paid

**A KEY FOR EACH LETTER**

*It's Fast!  
It's Easy!  
It's Efficient!  
It's Accurate!*

**PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...**

**...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!**

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

**Hey, Kids!** . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

FEATURE COMICS, September, 1948, No. 126. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, 578 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, Jesse C. Rogers, Jr., Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.70 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$2.00. Foreign \$2.50. Entered as second class matter August 20, 1937 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, E. S. Mearns, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



# THE DOLL MAN

**T**he underworld usually knows better than to try tricks on the **DOLL MAN**! Doctor **PIKE** tried it ...and thought he had succeeded when The Doll Man found himself in a strange element! But even the monsters of the deep hold no terrors for the miniature champion of justice ...as Doctor Pike found out to his sorrow!

**O**nly Martha Roberts and her father, Doctor Roberts, know that Darrel Dane, brilliant young scientist, is The Doll Man ...that by a titanic effort of will power he can compress the molecules of his body ...to become the tiny terror of crime!



One Fine  
summer  
day...

LOOK AT THE CROWD, BOB! THE CARLTON  
BEACH CLUB IS A GOLD MINE! AND, AS MY  
SON, YOU'LL INHERIT IT!  
THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU  
TO LEARN ALL ABOUT  
RUNNING THE BUSINESS!

YES, DAD...  
IT'S THE FINEST  
STRETCH OF  
BEACH ON  
THE COAST!

YOU MR. CARLTON..  
THE MANAGER OF  
THIS JOINT? I'M  
HERE TO OFFER YOU  
FIFTY GRAND FOR THE  
WHOLE SETUP...  
BEACH, BUILDINGS,  
EVERYTHING!

HA! HA! THAT'S  
RICH! WHY, I  
TAKE IN TWICE  
THAT MUCH  
EVERY YEAR!

FIFTY GRAND IS A LOT OF  
DOUGH, MR. CARLTON! BETTER  
TAKE IT WHILE YOU CAN!

IT ISN'T FOR SALE...  
AND IF IT WAS, IT  
WOULD COST YOU  
MORE THAN FIFTY  
GRAND!

LISTEN, CHUM... YOU CAN  
GET FIFTY GRAND TODAY...  
TOMORROW IT'LL BE ONLY  
TWENTY-FIVE GRAND!  
INSIDE A MONTH  
THIS DUMP  
WON'T BE  
WORTH A  
NICKEL!

HEY! YOU TAKE  
YOUR HANDS  
OFF MY DAD!

LET HIM GO,  
SON! HE'S  
JUST CRAZY!

IF I EVER SEE HIM  
AGAIN, I'LL PUNCH  
HIM IN THE  
NOSE!

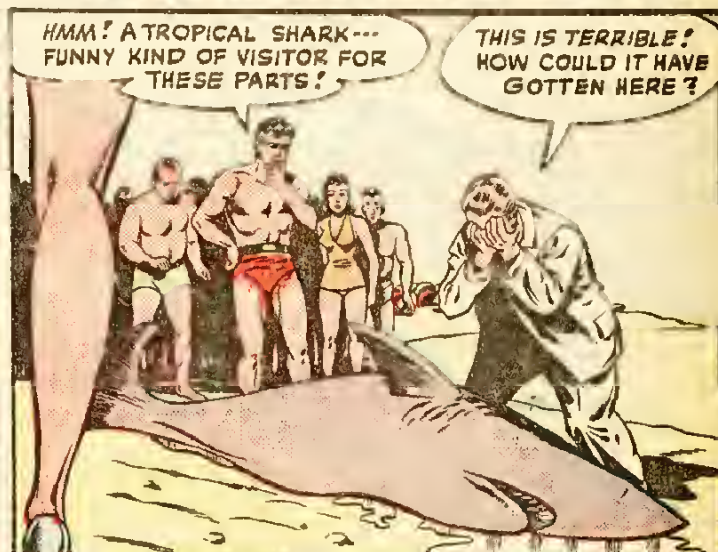
The next  
day...

THE CARLTON CLUB  
IS CERTAINLY A  
WONDERFUL PLACE!  
I'M ENJOYING MYSELF,  
DARREL!

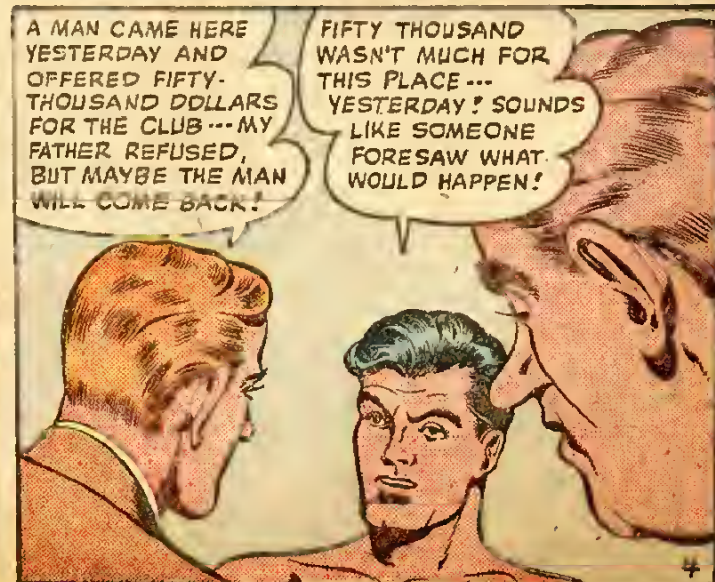
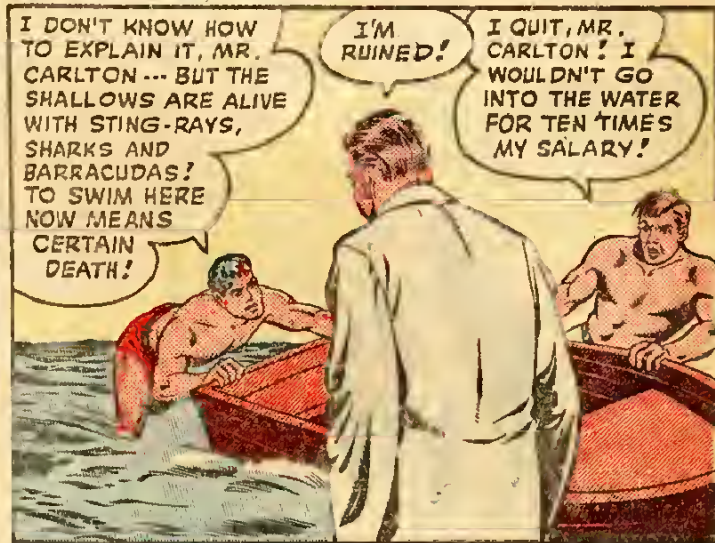
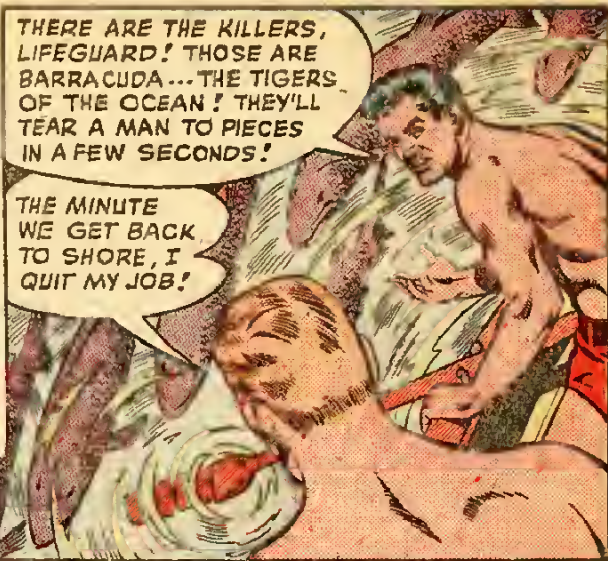
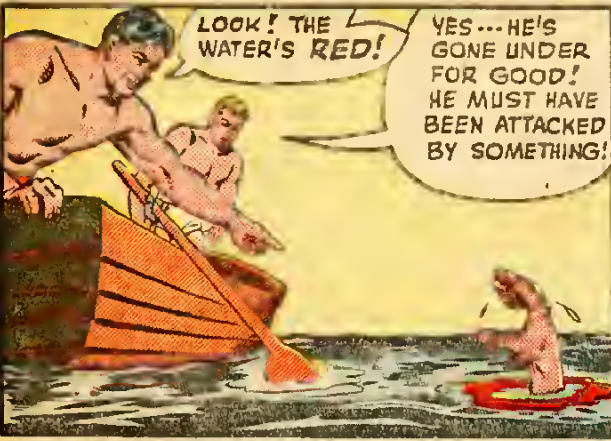
EEEE!  
HELP!

COULDN'T BE  
BETTER, MARTHA...  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

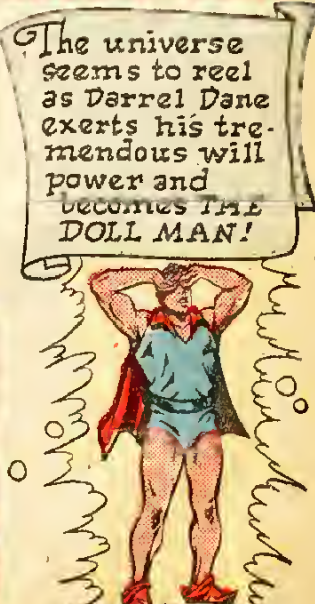
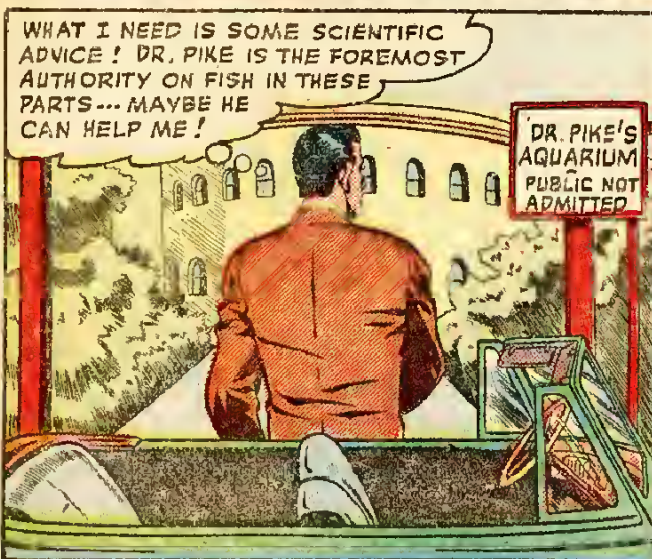
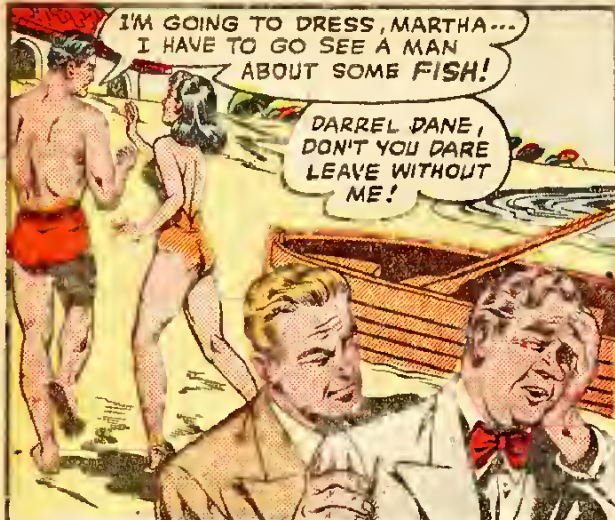
















AS THE DOLL MAN, I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY IN THIS PLACE!



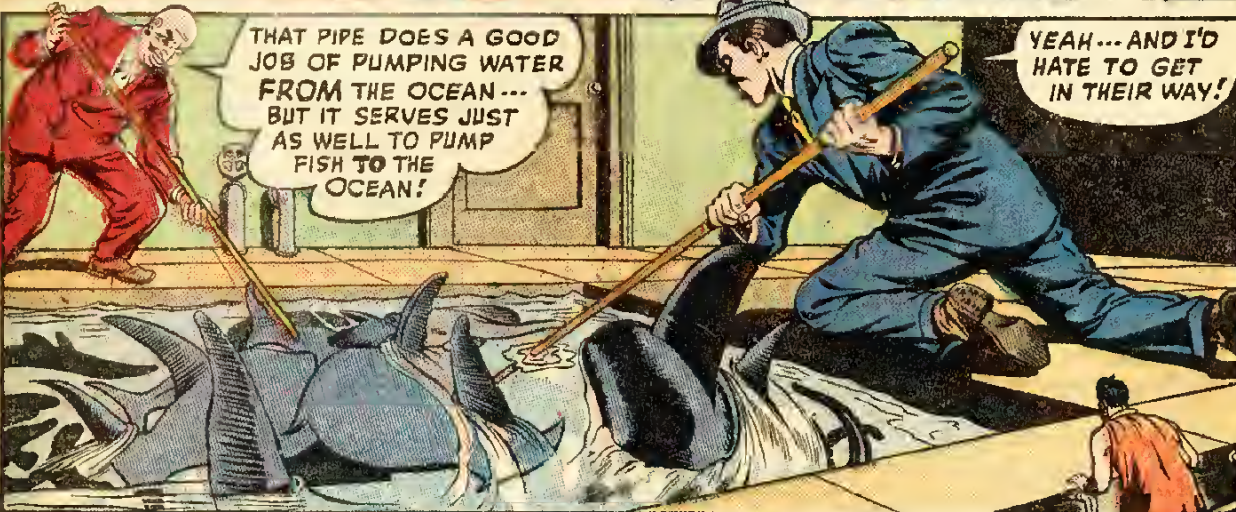
NOW THAT THAT INTERFERING DANE MAN HAS LEFT, I CAN LOCK UP!



GUESS PIKE'S GONE! I HAVE THE PLACE TO MYSELF... OR HAVE I?

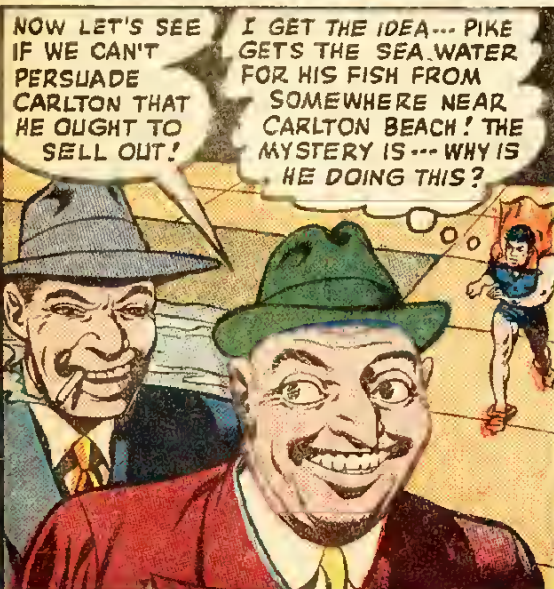
GEE, DOC! AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BEACH TODAY, WE DON'T NEED TO WASTE ANY MORE FISH!

I'M THE BOSS, MARTY! I WANT TO MAKE SURE NO ONE WILL EVER SWIM THERE AGAIN! AFTER WE'VE LOOSED THIS BATCH OF FISH, WE'LL GO TALK BUSINESS WITH CARLTON!



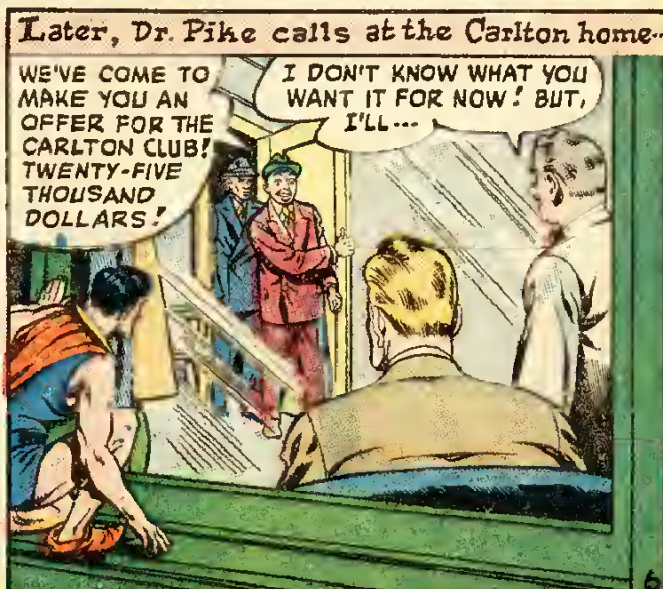
THAT PIPE DOES A GOOD JOB OF PUMPING WATER FROM THE OCEAN... BUT IT SERVES JUST AS WELL TO PUMP FISH TO THE OCEAN!

YEAH... AND I'D HATE TO GET IN THEIR WAY!



NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T PERSUADE CARLTON THAT HE OUGHT TO SELL OUT!

I GET THE IDEA... PIKE GETS THE SEA WATER FOR HIS FISH FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR CARLTON BEACH! THE MYSTERY IS... WHY IS HE DOING THIS?

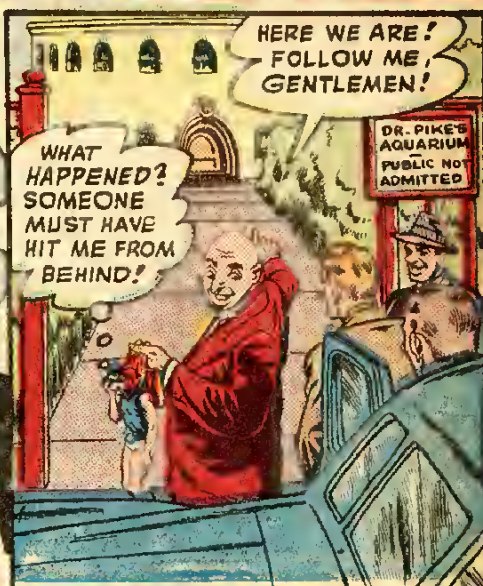
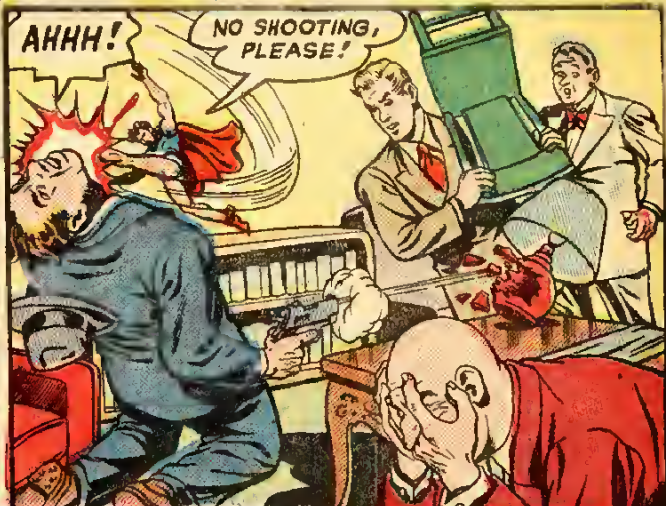


Later, Dr. Pike calls at the Carlton home-

WE'VE COME TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER FOR THE CARLTON CLUB! TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT IT FOR NOW! BUT, I'LL...

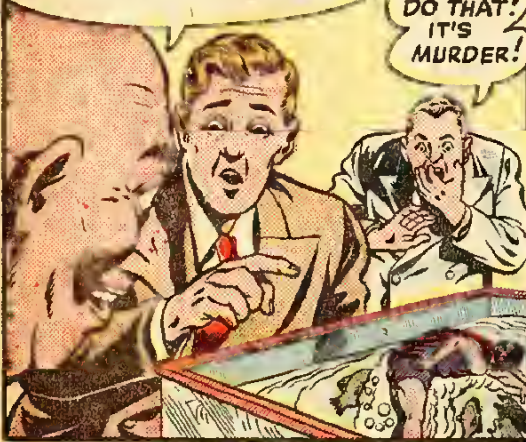






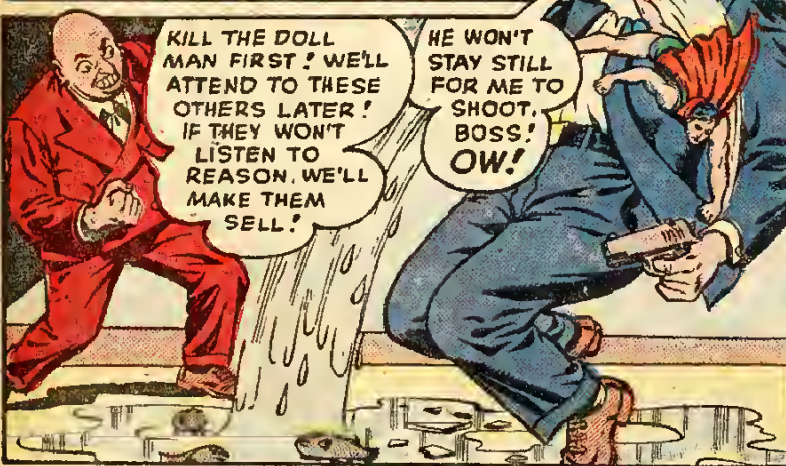
THOSE ARE **PIRANHAS**... THE TIGER FISH OF THE AMAZON! THEY ARE SMALL, BUT A FEW DOZEN OF THEM WILL TEAR A MAN APART IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S MURDER!



KILL THE DOLL MAN FIRST! WE'LL ATTEND TO THESE OTHERS LATER! IF THEY WON'T LISTEN TO REASON, WE'LL MAKE THEM SELL!

HE WON'T STAY STILL FOR ME TO SHOOT, BOSS! OW!



IF I'D KNOWN THE KIND OF MAN YOU WERE, I'D HAVE HIT YOU, INSTEAD OF THE DOLL MAN... HEY!

THESE CREATURES ARE TOO TOUGH FOR ME! I'LL HAVE TO BREAK THE GLASS!



MARTY ALWAYS WAS INCOMPETENT! I CAN DEFEND MYSELF... BUT I'D BETTER DO IT ON MY OWN GROUND!

DON'T GO YET, DR. PIKE! THERE ARE A LOT OF QUESTIONS I WANT TO ASK YOU!



I'LL SHOW THAT INTERFERING LITTLE RUNT...

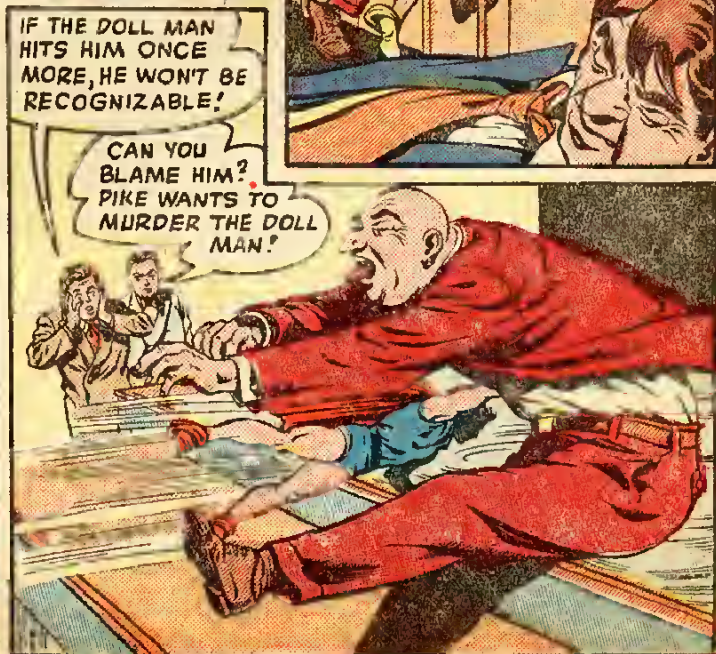
**OOF!**

NOT SO FAST, DOCTOR!

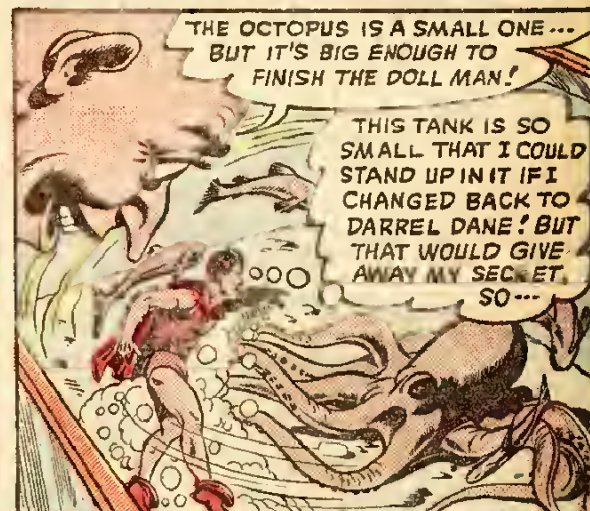
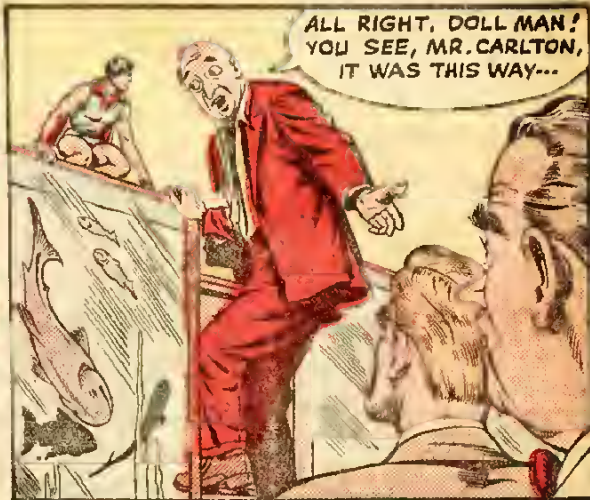
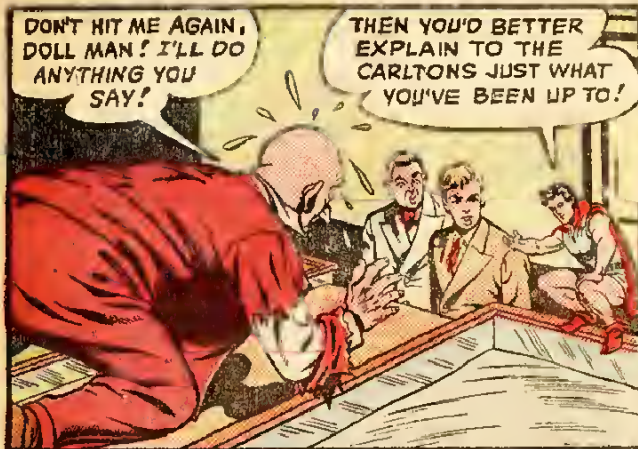


IF THE DOLL MAN HITS HIM ONCE MORE, HE WON'T BE RECOGNIZABLE!

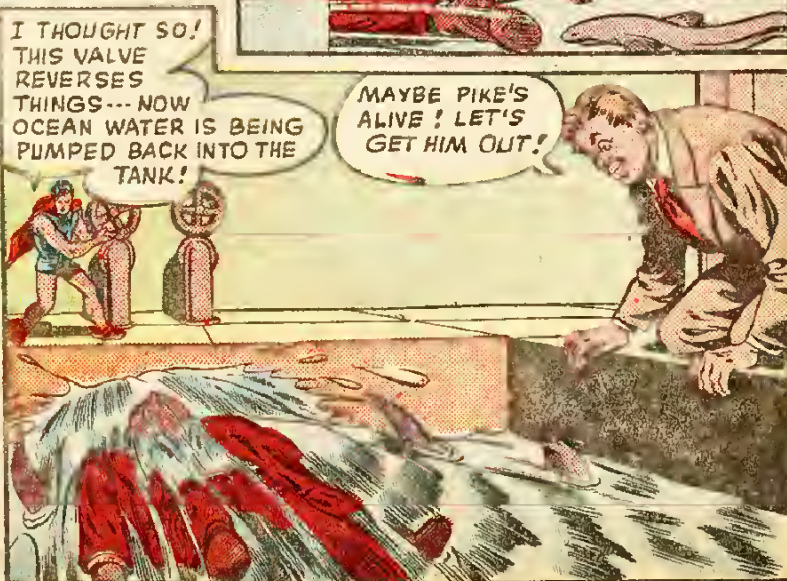
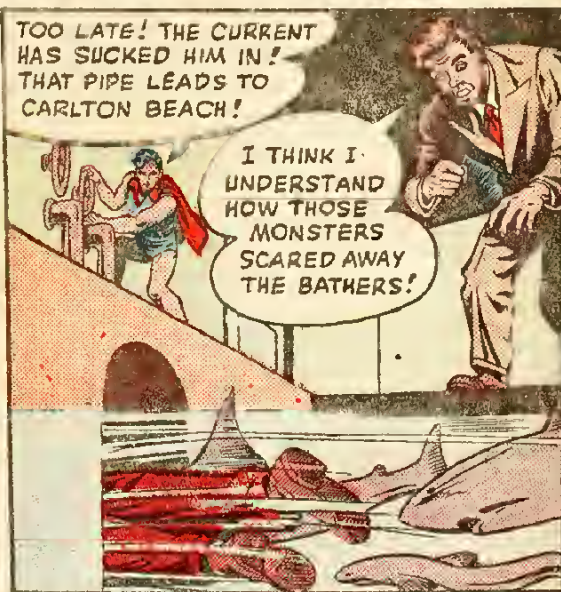
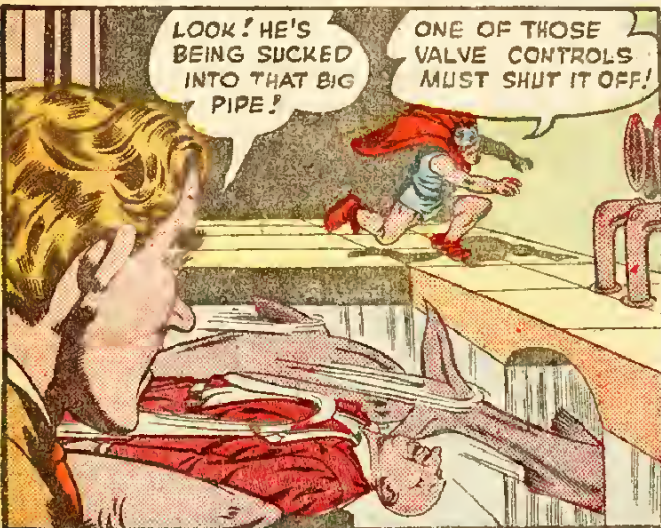
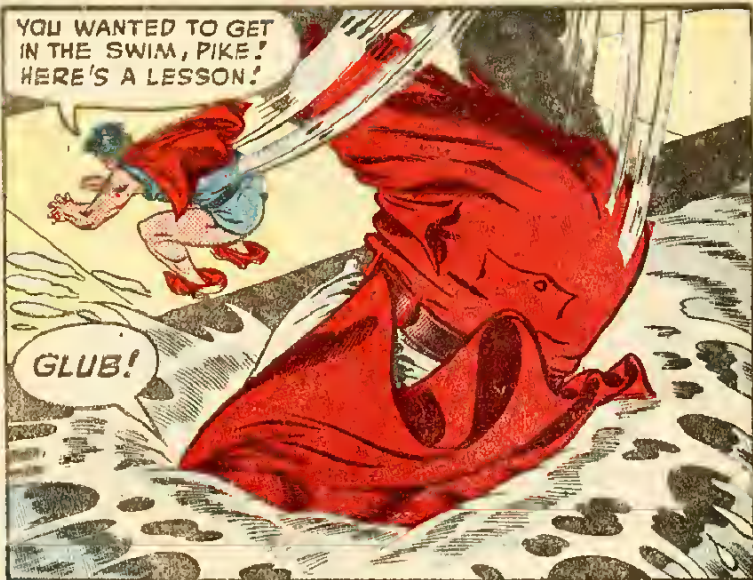
CAN YOU BLAME HIM? PIKE WANTS TO MURDER THE DOLL MAN!



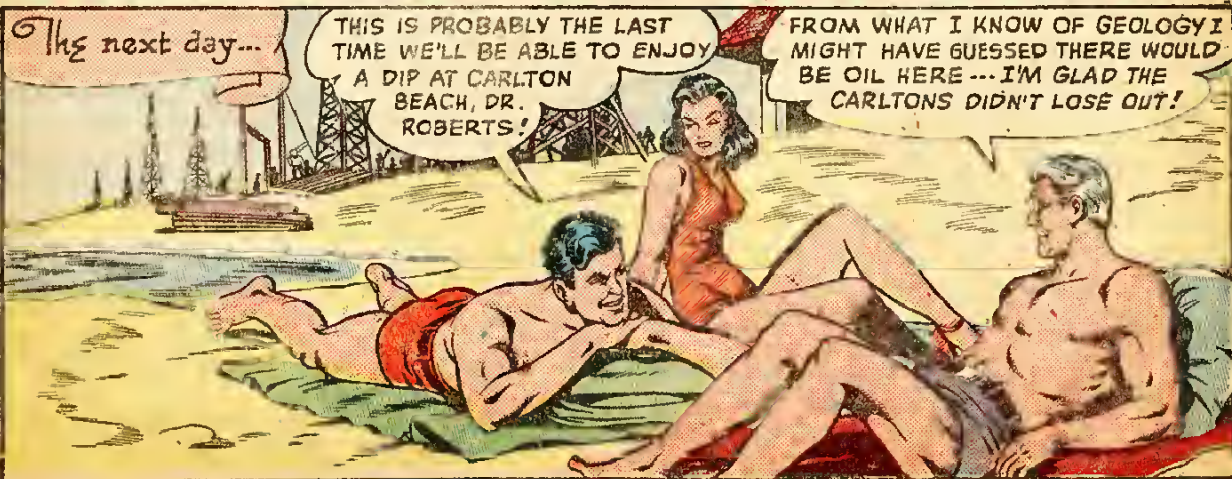
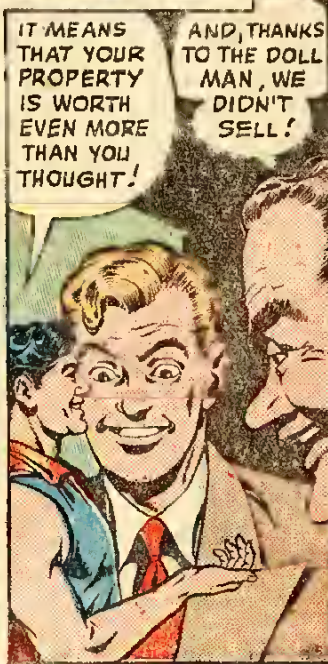
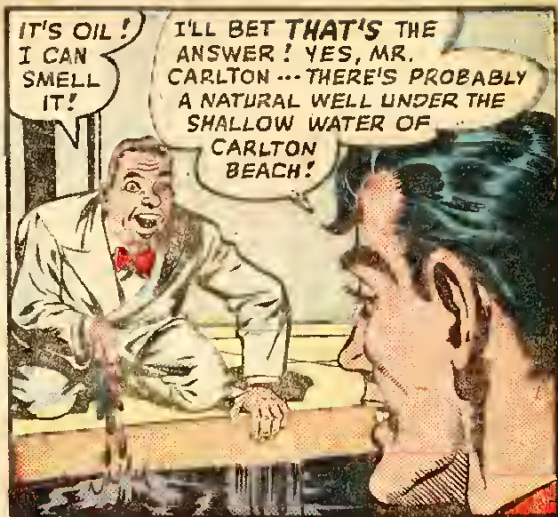
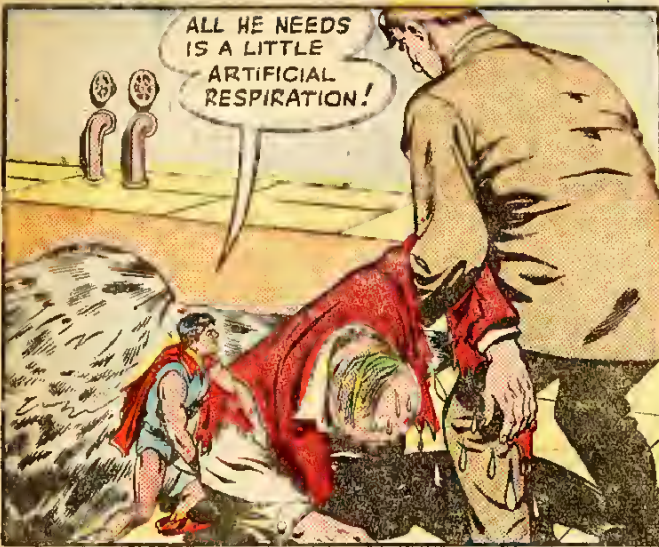






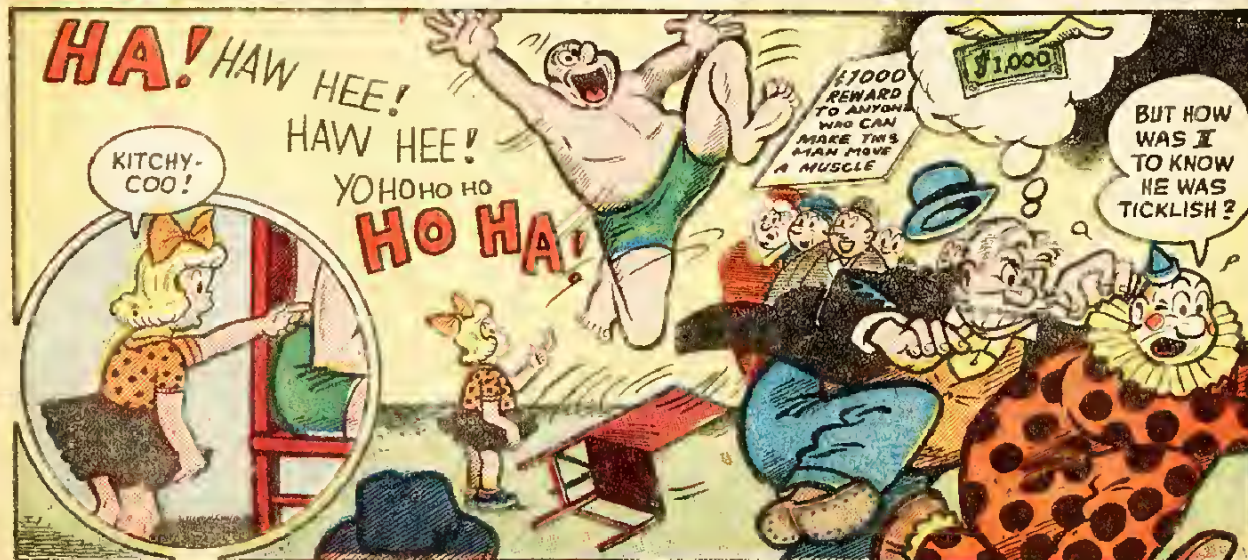
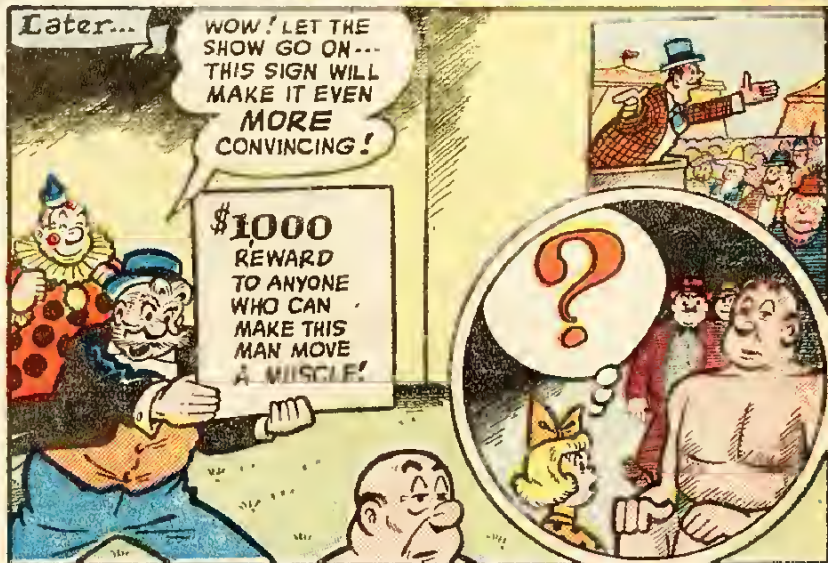
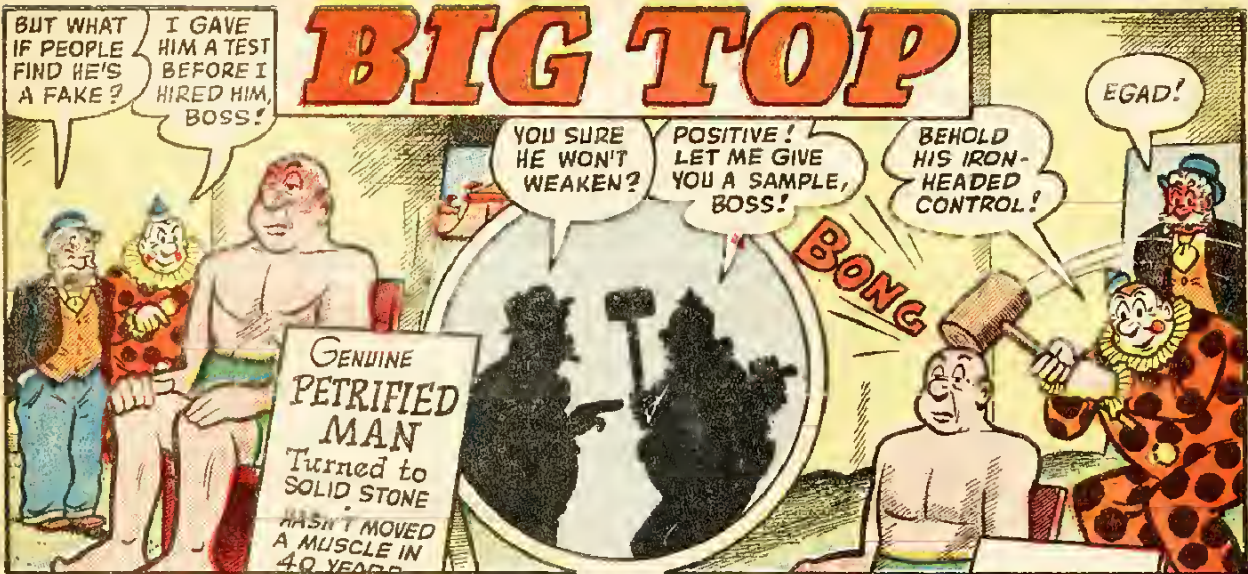








# BIG TOP





# BIG TOP

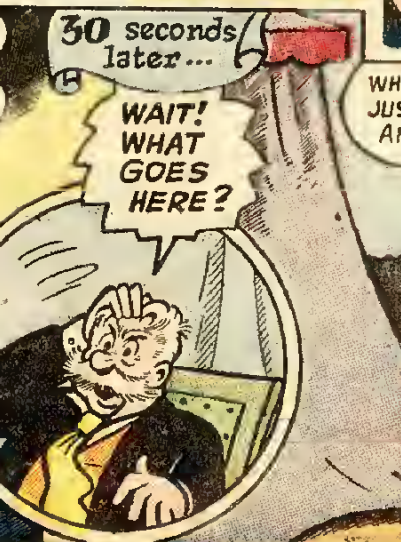
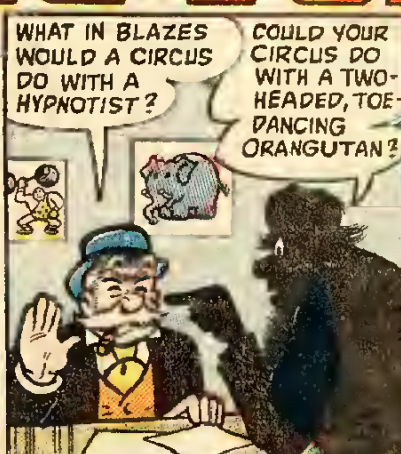
YOU WANT A JOB AS  
HYPNOTIST?  
OH, DON'T BE SILLY!

THEN YOU  
SHALL, SIR--  
YOU SHALL!

WHAT IN BLAZES  
WOULD A CIRCUS  
DO WITH A  
HYPNOTIST?

COULD YOUR  
CIRCUS DO  
WITH A TWO-  
HEADED, TOE-  
DANCING  
ORANGUTAN?

THAT, SIR,  
I WOULD  
LIKE TO  
SEE!



WOW! WOULD  
TWO... THREE...  
**FIVE GRAND**  
A WEEK BE O.K.  
FOR THIS  
MARVEL?

QUITE...  
AND HERE'S  
A BLANK  
CONTRACT...  
SIGN HERE,  
SIR!

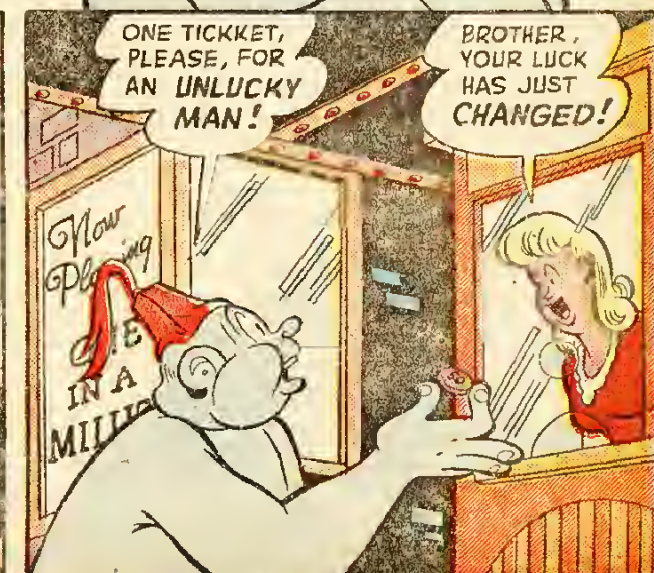
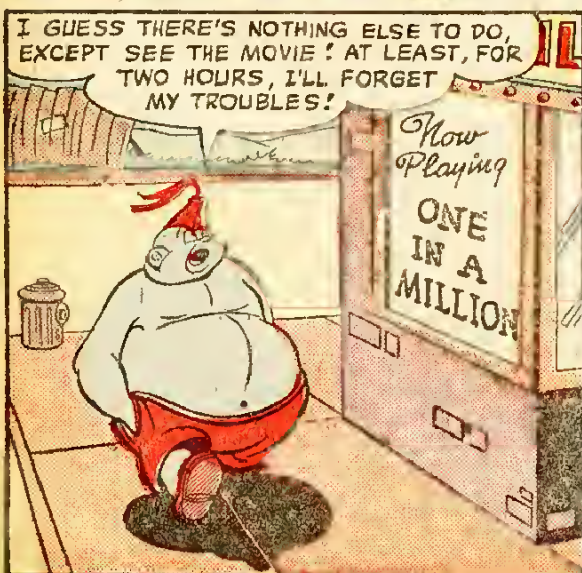
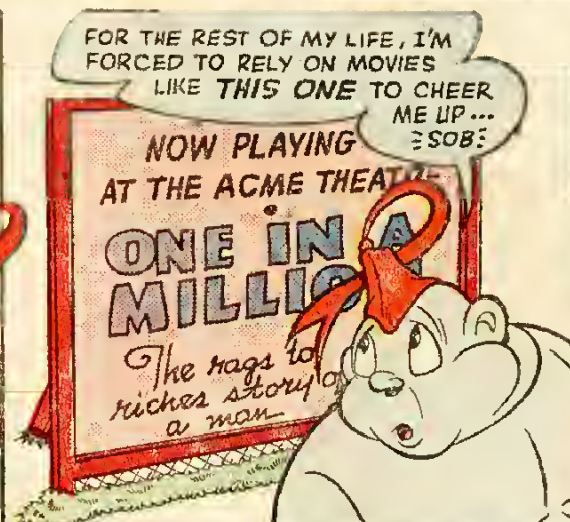
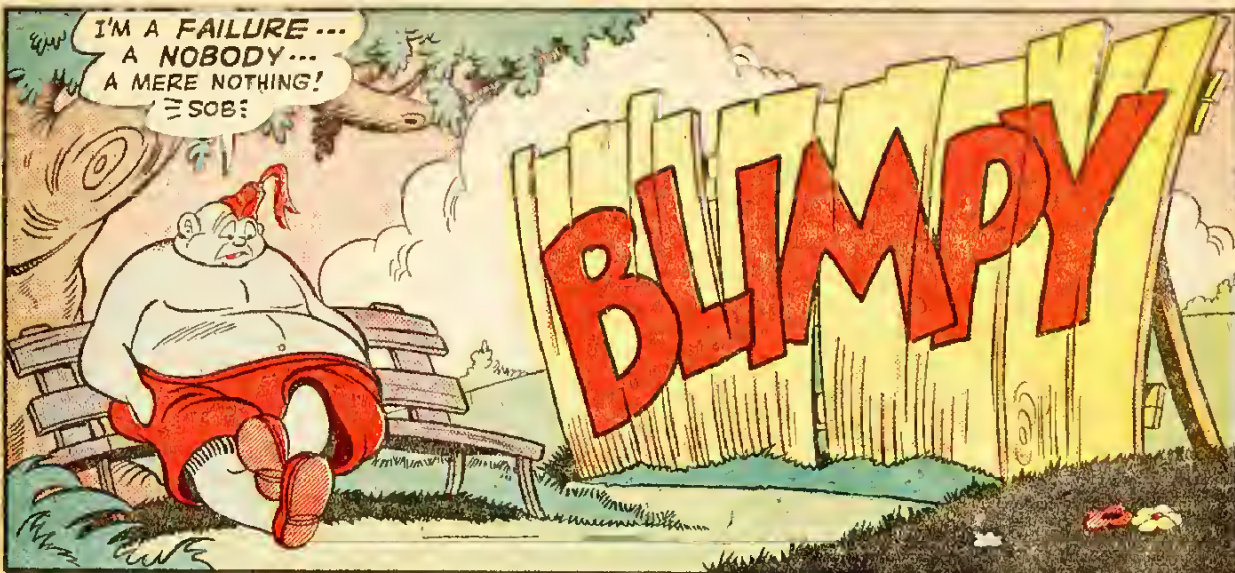
30 seconds  
later...

WAIT!  
WHAT  
GOES  
HERE?

WHAT DID I  
JUST HIRE,  
ANYWAY?

A HYPNOTIST,  
BOSS... A  
GOOD ONE!







HMMM! PECULIAR PEOPLE,  
THESE CASHIERS! SHE  
MUST SEE TOO MANY  
MOVIES!

THERE HE IS! THE LUCKY  
FELLOW! SNAP HIS  
PICTURE!

YES,  
SIR!

BOX  
OFFICE

NOW  
PLAYING

HOLD IT! YEP!  
I'VE GOT IT!

GULP! I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
WHAT HAPPENED?

M'BOY! FROM NOW ON  
YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD A  
NEW LIFE! YOU'RE ONE  
IN A MILLION!

HUH? A  
MILLION?

YES, SIR! LOOK AT YOUR  
TICKET! YOU'RE THE MILLIONTH  
CUSTOMER TO ENTER THE  
ACME THEATER! WE'VE  
WAITED FOR THIS  
OPPORTUNITY FOR  
TWENTY YEARS!

WOW!

TICKET NO.  
1,000,000  
ACME  
THEATER

Daily Item ☐  
**BLIMPY STRIKES  
IT RICH**

MAYOR GIVES BLIMPY  
KEY TO CITY.

BLIMPY MADE HONORARY  
MEMBER OF BUSINESS  
COMMISSION, TO MAKE A  
GUEST APPEARANCE AT  
ACME THEATRE!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!  
HERE'S THE MOMENT YOU'VE  
BEEN WAITING FOR!  
PRESENTING, IN PERSON,  
BLIMPY...MR. MILLION!

HOORAY!

BRAVO!

AHEM!

Mr. Million



HE WAS AN **ORDINARY** INDIVIDUAL, JUST LIKE YOU AND ME... NOBODY CARED ABOUT HIM, NOTHING EVER HAPPENED TO HIM... UNTIL THE DAY HE... WELL...

---GO AHEAD, BLIMPY, TELL YOUR SUCCESS STORY IN YOUR OWN WORDS!

I BOUGHT TICKET NUMBER **ONE MILLION**, THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!

DID YOU HAVE HIM SIGN THE **PUBLICITY CONTRACT**, JOE? WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A MILLION WITH THIS CHARACTER!

IT'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF!

HOORAY!

Later...

WELL, FELLOWS... HOW'M I DOING?

GREAT! THE NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY COLUMNS HAVE BROUGHT OFFERS FROM BUSINESS MEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! THEY WANT YOU TO TEST THEIR PRODUCTS! HERE! TAKE A LOOK!

GULP! WHAT'S THIS? "BLIMPY TO WALK A **HIGH WIRE BETWEEN TWO BUILDINGS**!" WHY, THAT'S ME!

SURE! I'VE ARRANGED THE STUNT WITH THE NATIONAL WIRE CO.! THEY'RE WILLING TO PAY YOU **TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS** TO TEST THE STRENGTH OF THEIR PRODUCT!

OH!

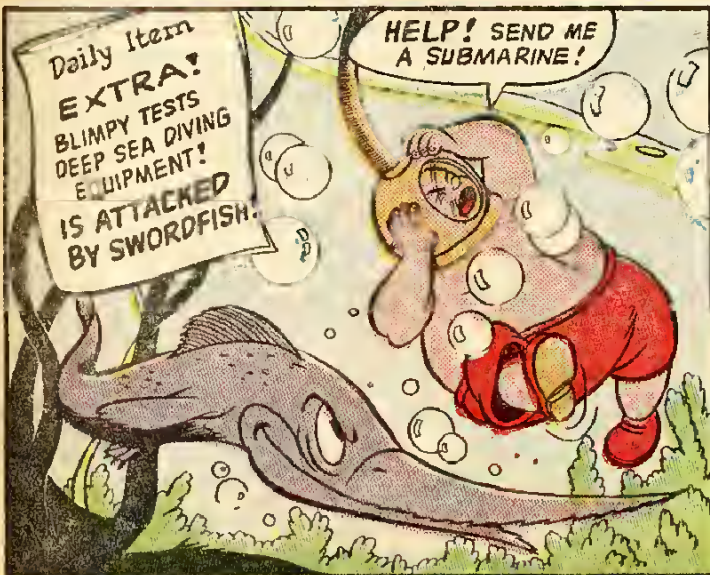
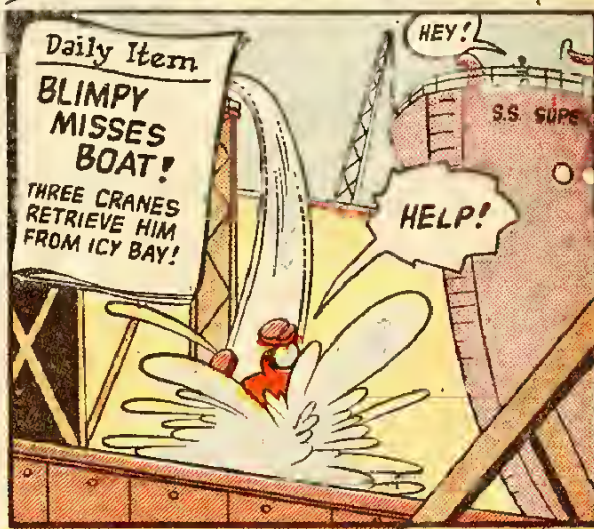
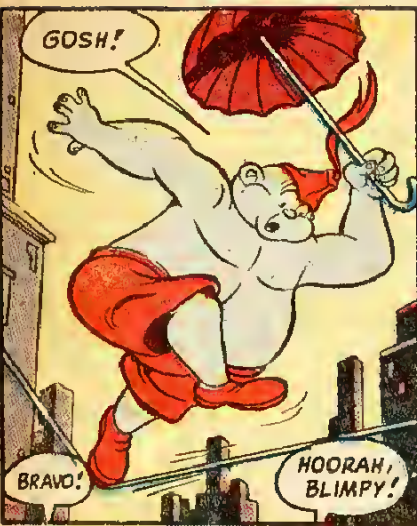
MUST I, JOE? GULP!

SURE! YOU'RE A FAMOUS PERSONALITY! DO YOU WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOUR PUBLIC?

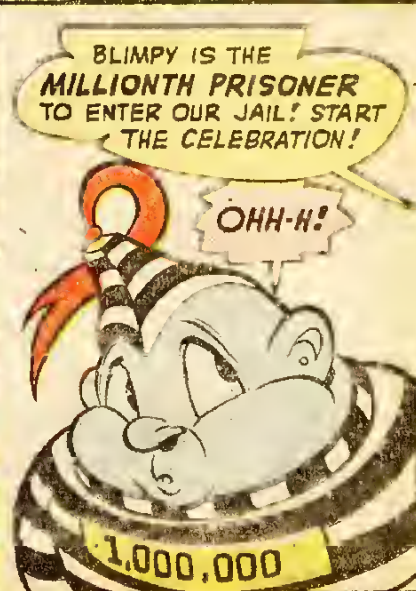
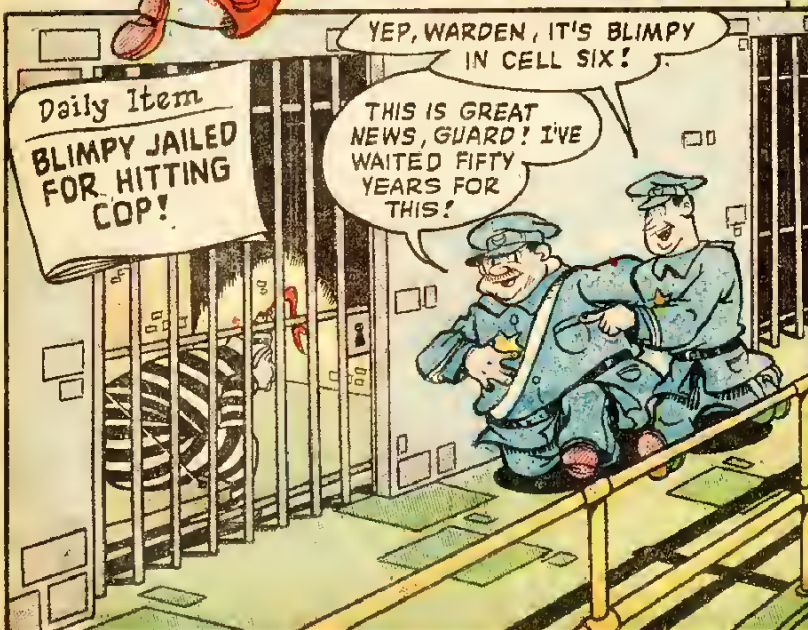
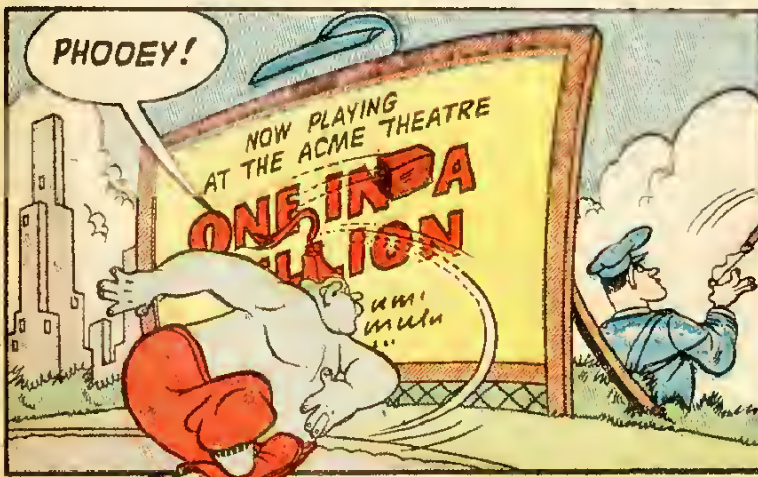
Daily Item  
POLICE ROPE OFF STREETS!  
**BLIMPY TO WALK WIRE TODAY!**

START



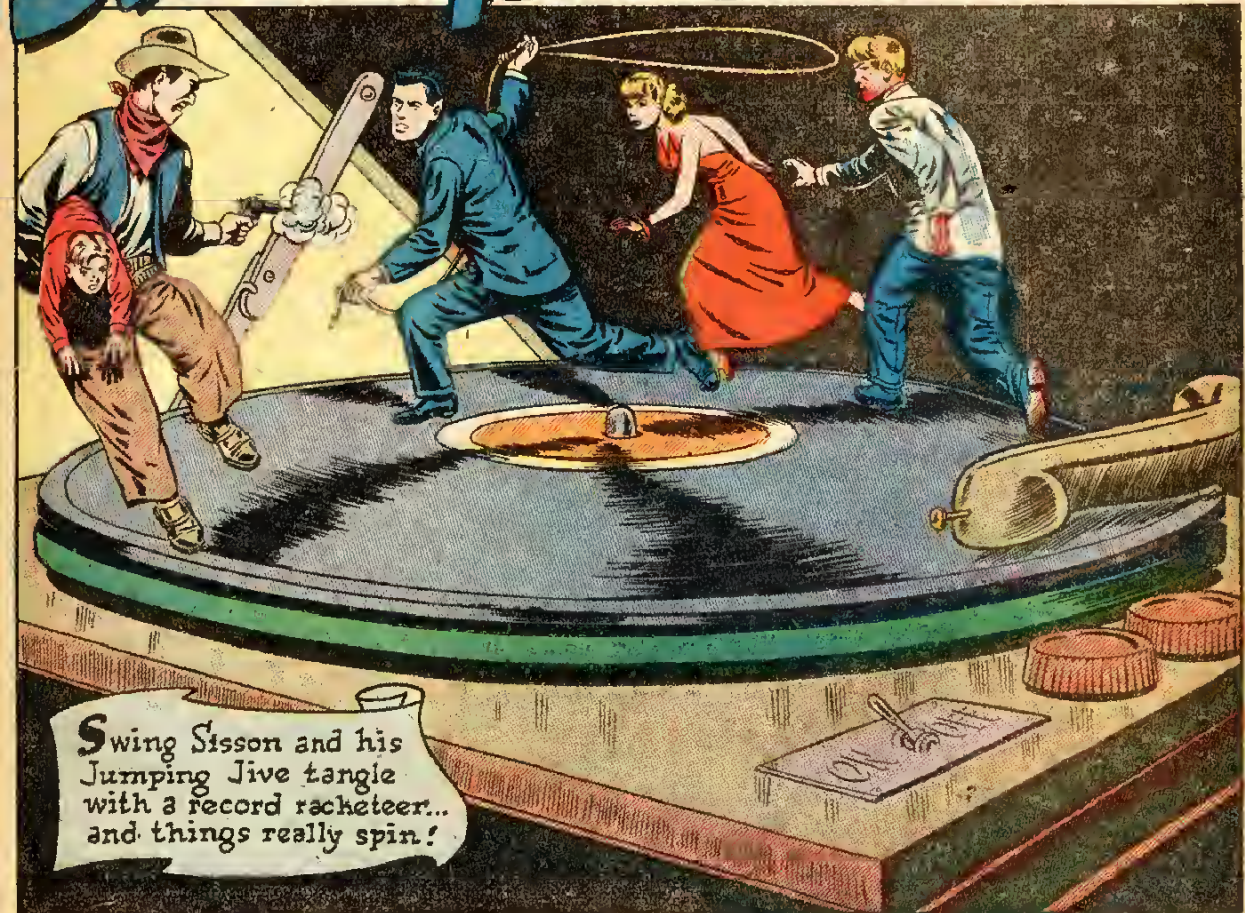




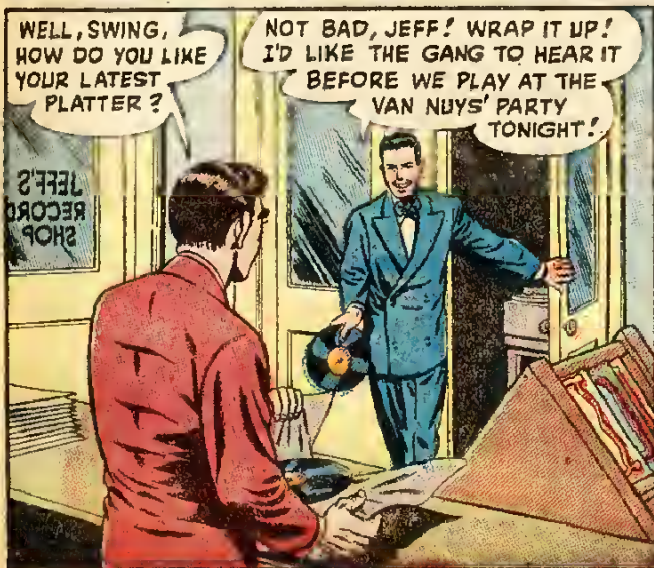




# Swing Sisson



Swing Sisson and his Jumping Jive tangle with a record racketeer... and things really spin!



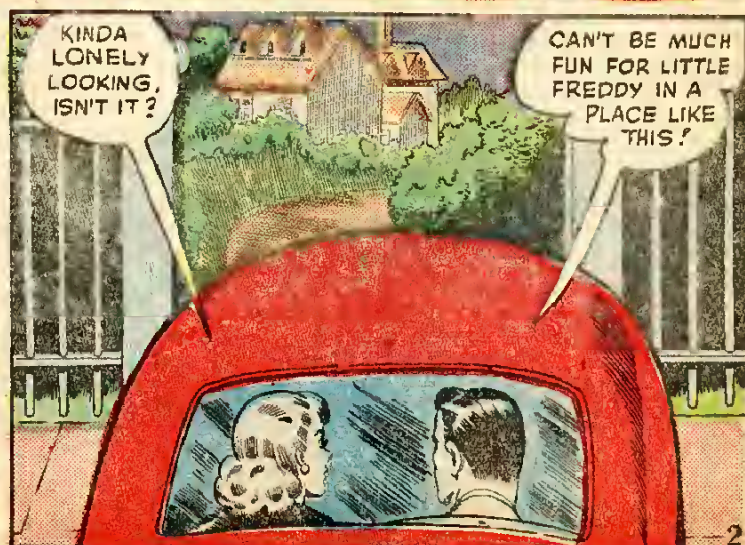
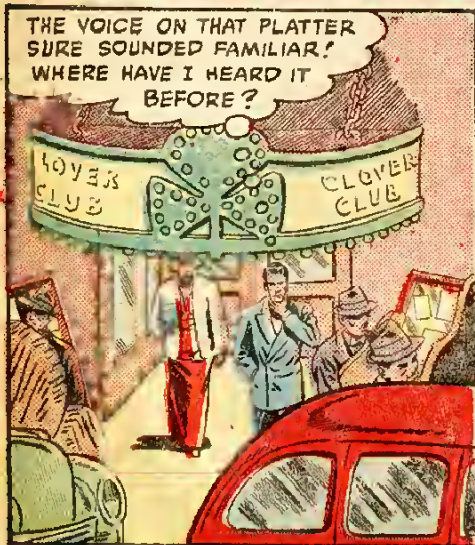
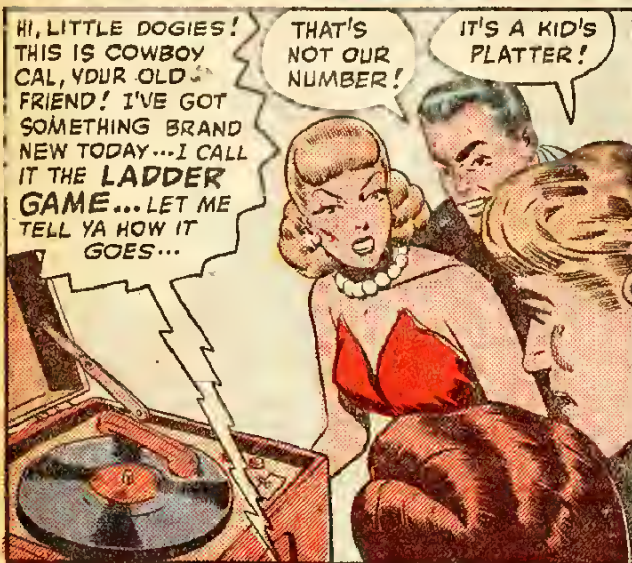
WELL, SWING, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR LATEST PLATTER?

NOT BAD, JEFF! WRAP IT UP! I'D LIKE THE GANG TO HEAR IT BEFORE WE PLAY AT THE VAN NUYS' PARTY TONIGHT!

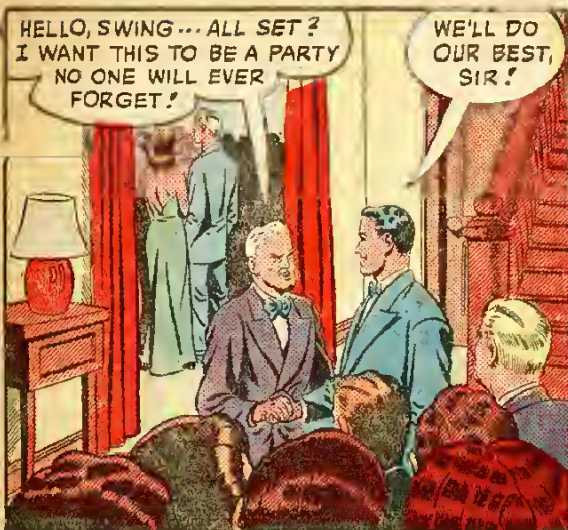


SAY, THAT OUGHTTA BE SOME SHINDIG! I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING A SLICE OF OLD MAN VAN NUYS' DO-RE-MI!



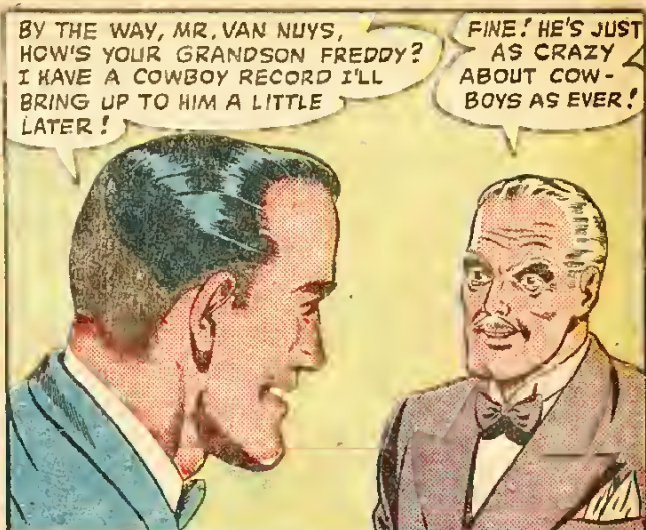






HELLO, SWING... ALL SET?  
I WANT THIS TO BE A PARTY  
NO ONE WILL EVER  
FORGET!

WE'LL DO  
OUR BEST,  
SIR!



BY THE WAY, MR. VAN NUYS,  
HOW'S YOUR GRANDSON FREDDY?  
I HAVE A COWBOY RECORD I'LL  
BRING UP TO HIM A LITTLE  
LATER!

FINE! HE'S JUST  
AS CRAZY  
ABOUT COW-  
BOYS AS EVER!



The party is in full swing...

TAKE OVER, TOBY! IF I'M NOT BACK  
BY THE TIME THIS NUMBER'S  
OVER, COME OUT TO  
THE GARDEN ON  
THE DOUBLE!  
CHECK!

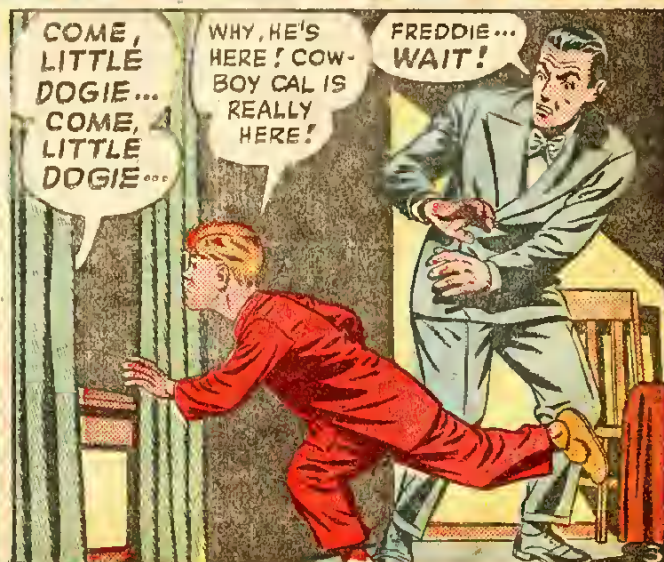


... HELLO,  
FREDDY, OL'  
PODNER!  
I BROUGHT  
YOU A  
COWBOY  
RECORD!

GEE, SWING,  
THAT'S SWELL!  
LET'S PLAY  
IT!



---AND WHEN I CALL  
COME LITTLE DOGIE,  
BE ALL READY TO  
COME DOWN THE  
LADDER WITH ME!  
WON'T THAT BE  
FUN?



COME,  
LITTLE  
DOGIE...  
COME,  
LITTLE  
DOGIE...

WHY, HE'S  
HERE! COW-  
BOY CAL IS  
REALLY  
HERE!

FREDDIE...  
WAIT!



STAY PUT,  
SWING! COME  
ALONG, FREDDY!  
HURRY!

I'M COMING,  
COWBOY  
CAL!

JEFF, YOU CRAZY FOOL ...  
DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN  
GET LIFE FOR THIS?

IT'S MY LIFE, AIN'T  
IT? I'M NOT GOING  
TO BE A RECORD  
PEDDLER FOR-  
EVER! ONE MOVE  
OUT OF YOU  
AND I'LL  
DROP THE  
KID.

...AND  
THAT  
GOES  
FOR YOU,  
TOO!

TOBY... BE  
CAREFUL!  
HE'S  
DESPERATE!

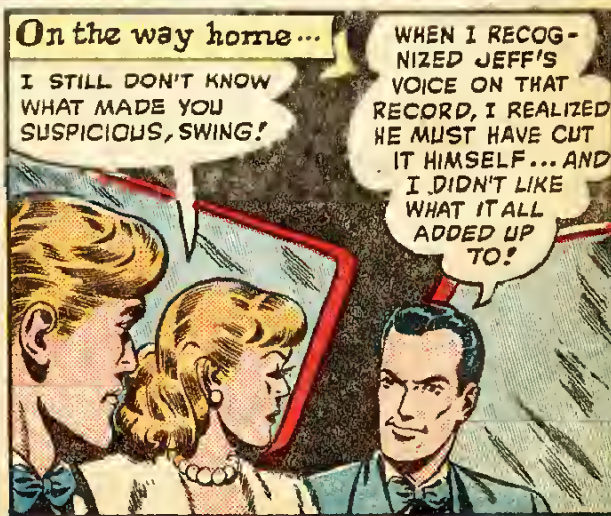
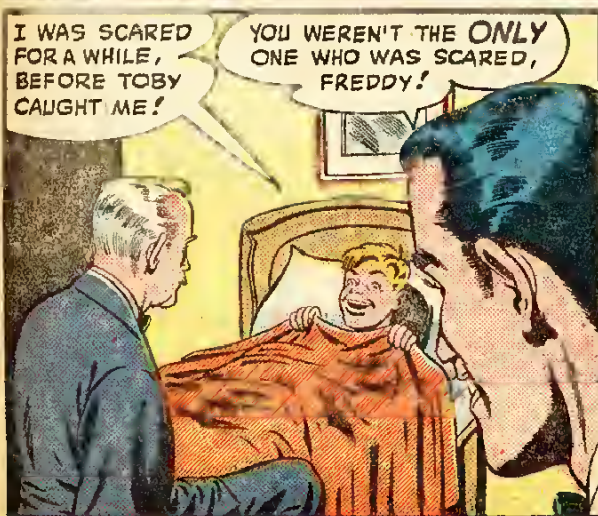
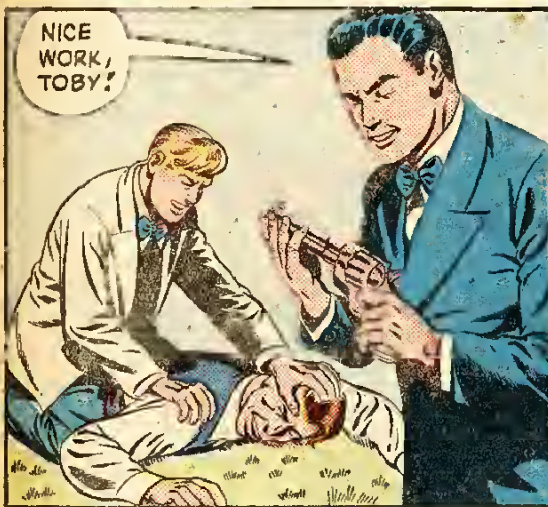
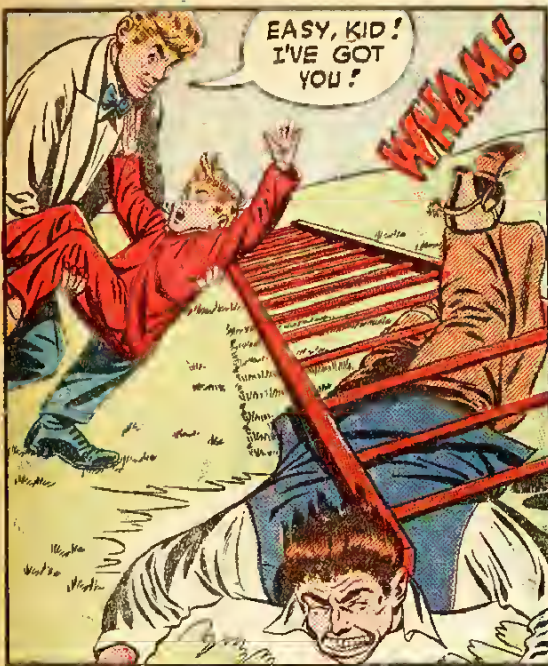
IT'S A LONG CHANCE,  
BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
IT!

CATCH  
THE KID,  
TOBY!

CATCH ME!  
I'M FALLING!

YEEEEEE!  
HELP! SAVE  
ME!







# LALA PALOOZA

HE  
JUST  
SITS  
IN  
HIS  
WAGON

AND DOESN'T  
UTTER A PEEP  
OR MAKE A  
MOVE!

I THOUGHT THIS WOULD  
BE A TOUGH WAY TO  
MAKE TWO BUCKS, BUT  
IT'S ABOUT THE EASIEST  
DOUGH I EVER  
EARNED!

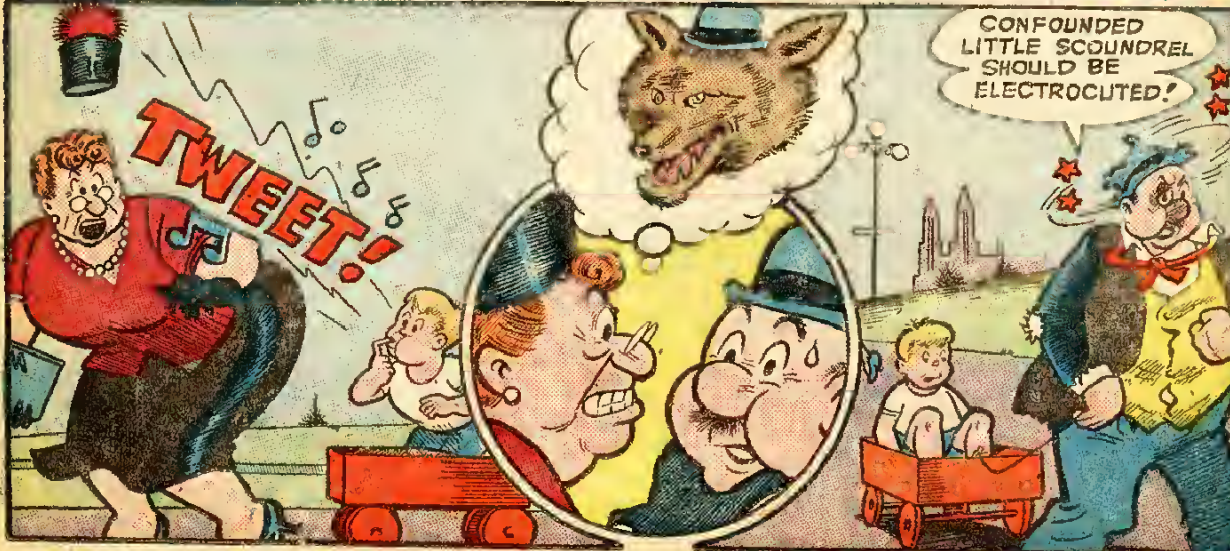
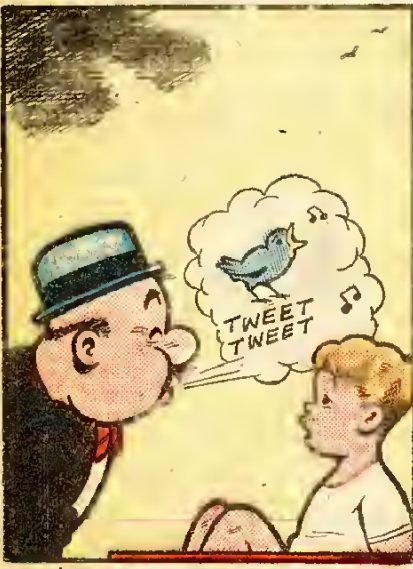
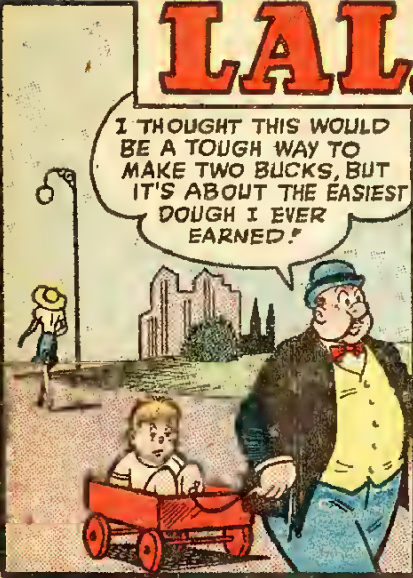
THIS KID HAS BEHAVED LIKE  
AN ANGEL THE ENTIRE  
AFTERNOON!

HEH, HEH... BLESS  
HIS LITTLE  
HEART!

CONFOUNDED  
LITTLE SCOUNDREL  
SHOULD BE  
ELECTROCUTED!

TWEET  
TWEET

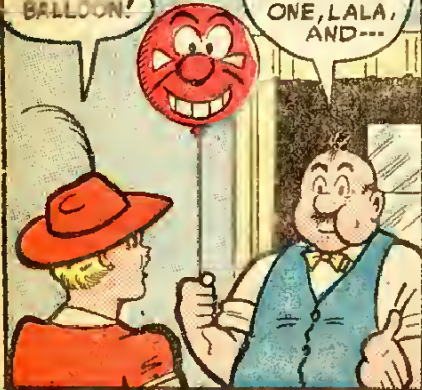
TWEET!





# LALA PALOOZA

OH, THE  
IDEA---  
THE VERY  
IDEA OF  
A MAN  
YOUR AGE  
PLAYING WITH  
A SILLY  
BALLOON!



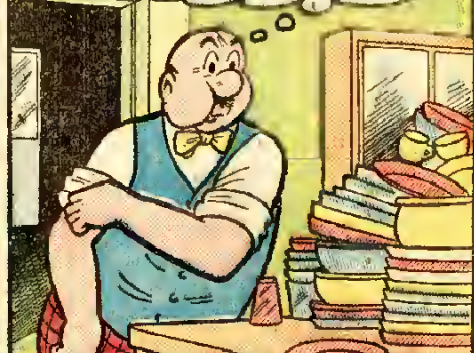
BUT IT'S  
SUCH A  
COMICAL  
ONE, LALA,  
AND---

QUIET! I'M GIVING  
IT TO THAT LITTLE  
BOY DOWN THE  
STREET!

OKAY!



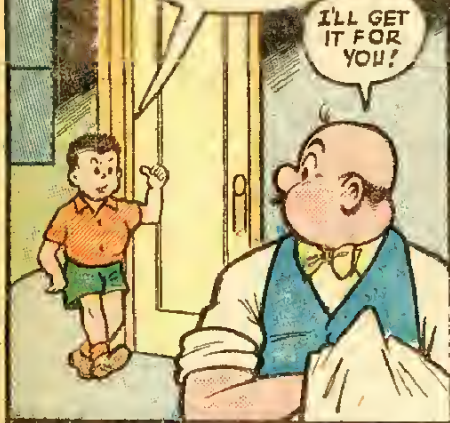
LALA'S RIGHT, I GUESS!  
WHILE SHE'S GONE, I'LL  
SURPRISE HER BY DOING  
ALL THESE DISHES!



Later...

MR. PALOOZA, MY  
BALLOON'S CAUGHT  
ON THE MCSCHULTZ'S  
PHONE WIRE NEXT  
DOOR!

I'LL GET  
IT FOR  
YOU!



AH, HE'LL NEVER  
GET THAT THING...  
GUESS I'LL GO  
RIDE MY BIKE!

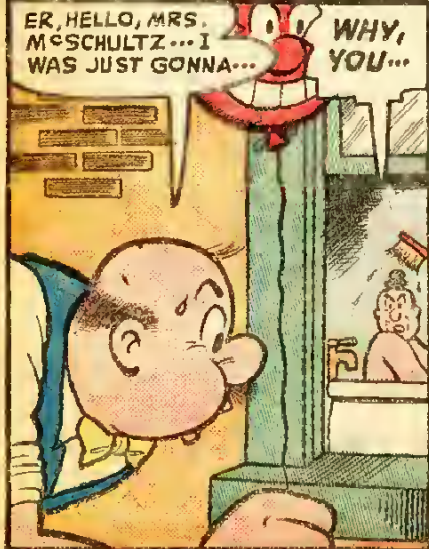


LESSEE NOW, I  
CAN JUST ABOUT  
REACH IT FROM  
HERE IF---

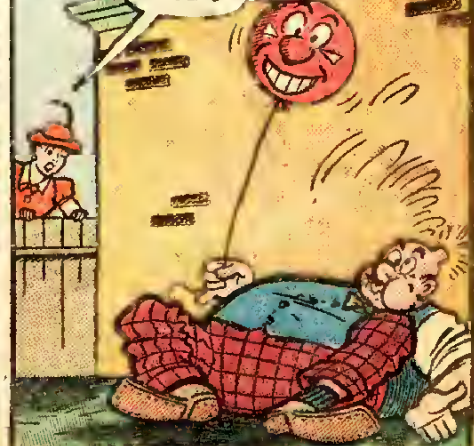


ER, HELLO, MRS.  
MCSCHULTZ... I  
WAS JUST GONNA---

WHY,  
YOU...



SO? STILL PLAYING WITH THAT  
RIDICULOUS BALLOON... IS THERE  
NO HOPE FOR YOU AT  
ALL?

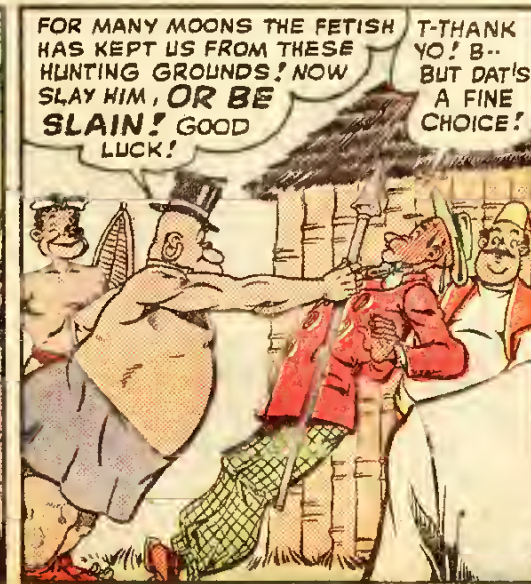
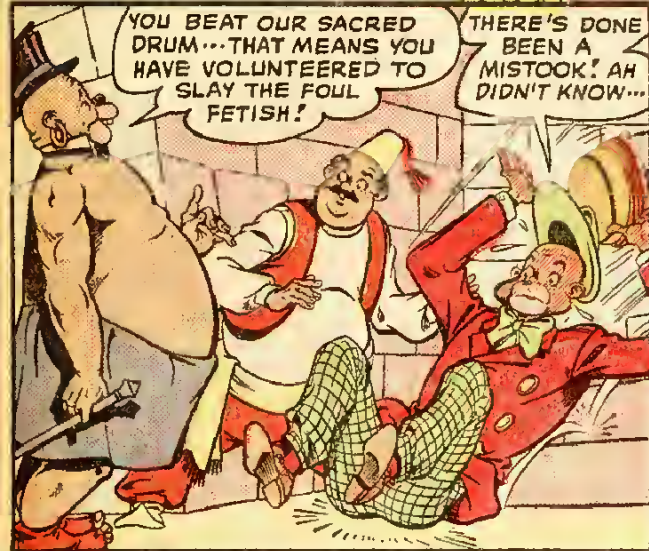
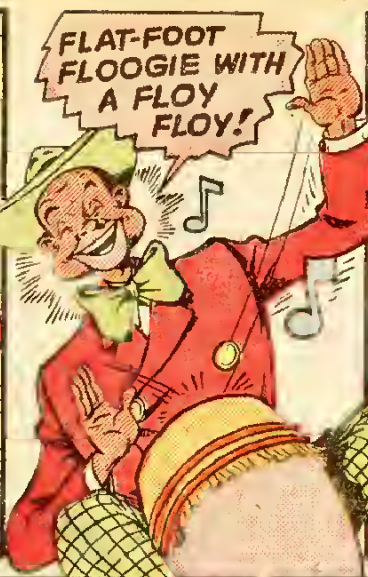




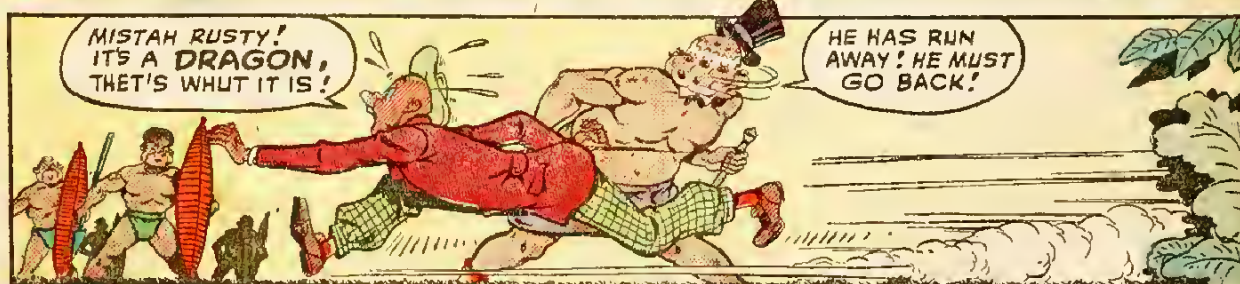
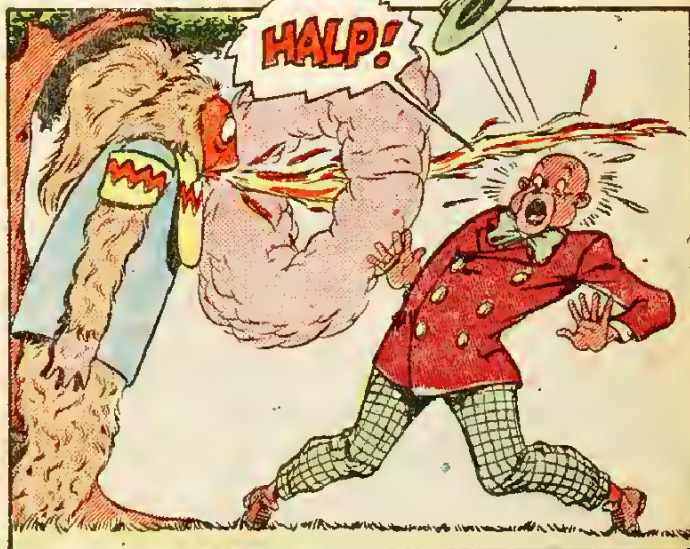
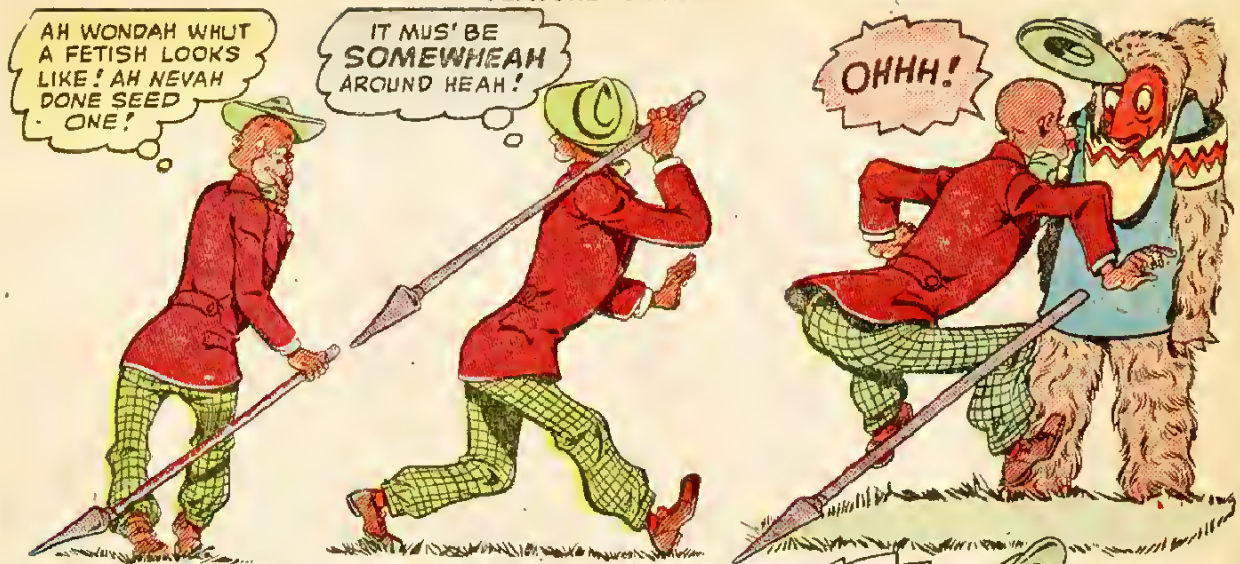
# Rusty RYAN







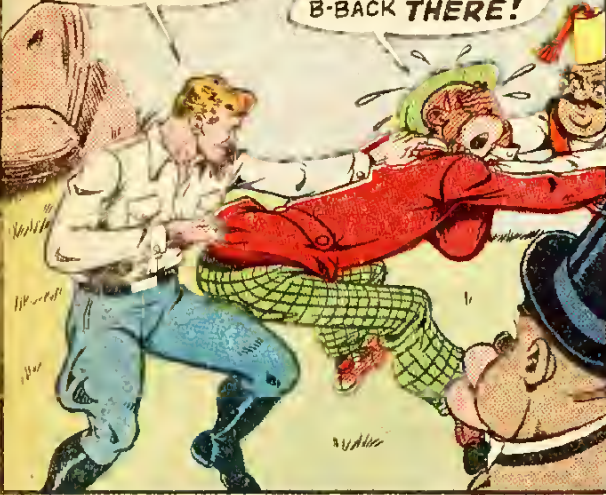






COME ON, PIERPONT!  
WE'LL HELP YOU!

B-BUT AH DON'  
WANT TO GO  
B-BACK **THERE!**



NOW WHERE WAS  
THE FETISH?

THET WAY!  
B-BUT...



F-FELLOWS, D-DON'T!  
OH, AH CAIN'T LOOK!

HMM! A QUAJT-  
LOOKING OBJECT...  
BUT NOT A TRACE  
OF GOLD IN  
IT!



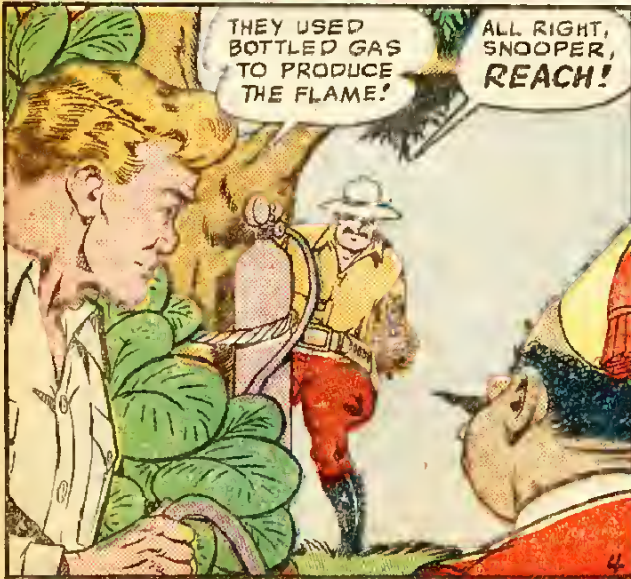
NOT EVEN  
ANY JEWELS  
FOR EYES!

AH, NOW I  
SEE WHAT...



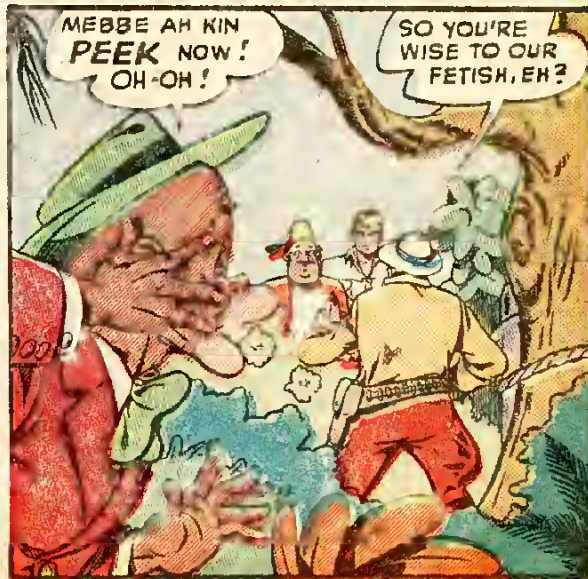
THEY USED  
BOTTLED GAS  
TO PRODUCE  
THE FLAME!

ALL RIGHT,  
SNOOPER,  
**REACH!**

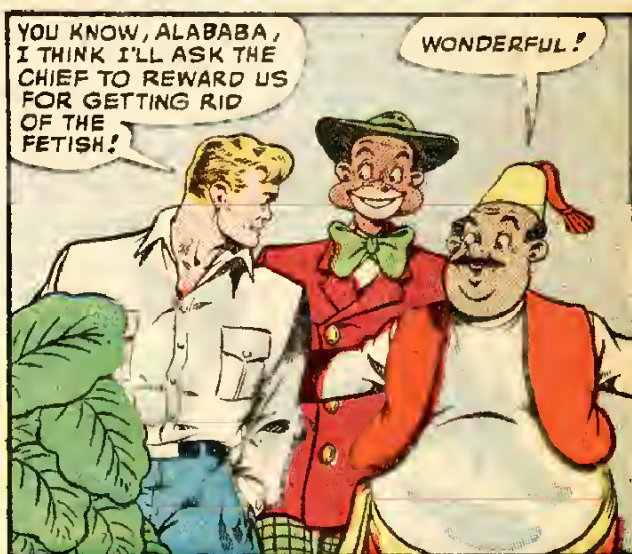
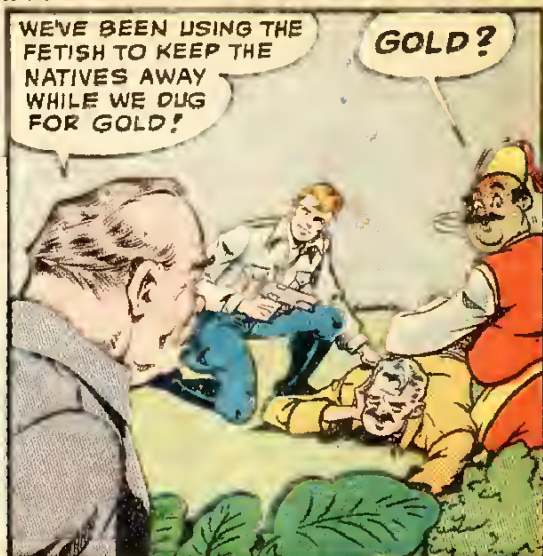


MEBBE AH KIN  
**PEEK NOW!**  
OH-OH!

SO YOU'RE  
WISE TO OUR  
FETISH, EH?







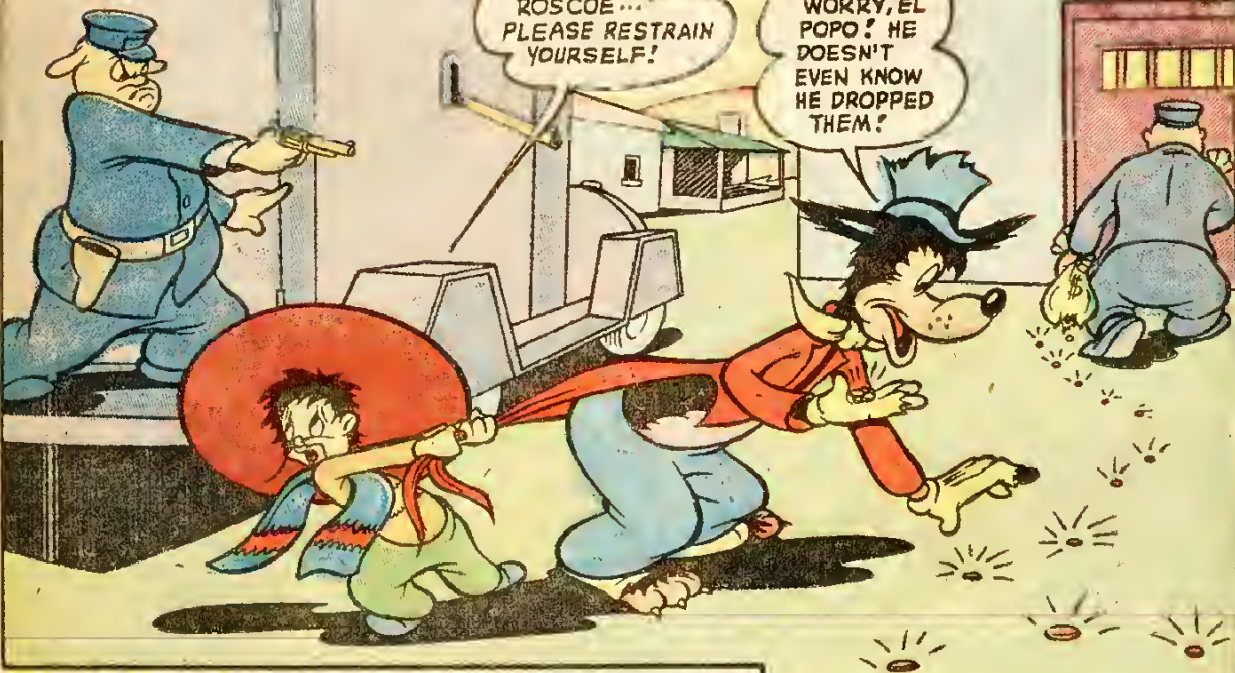


# ROSCOE

BANK

SEÑOR  
ROSCOE...  
PLEASE RESTRAIN  
YOURSELF!

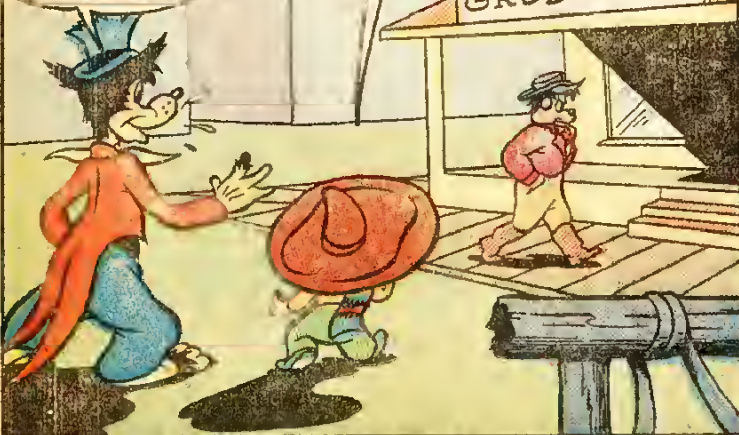
DON'T  
WORRY, EL  
POPO! HE  
DOESN'T  
EVEN KNOW  
HE DROPPED  
THEM!



GOSH, AM I HUNGRY!  
SLURP! COME ON,  
LET'S GO INTO SAM'S  
PLACE AND ORDER  
A BIG FAT STEAK  
WITH ONIONS AND  
FRENCH FRIED  
POTATOES!

DON'T BE SO EXTRAVAGANT,  
MY FRAN! LET US MAKE A  
GOOD CHEAP MEAL OF  
TORTILLAS! WE HAVE  
TO HOLD ONTO OUR  
LAST \$5.90!

SAM'S  
GRUB STEAK



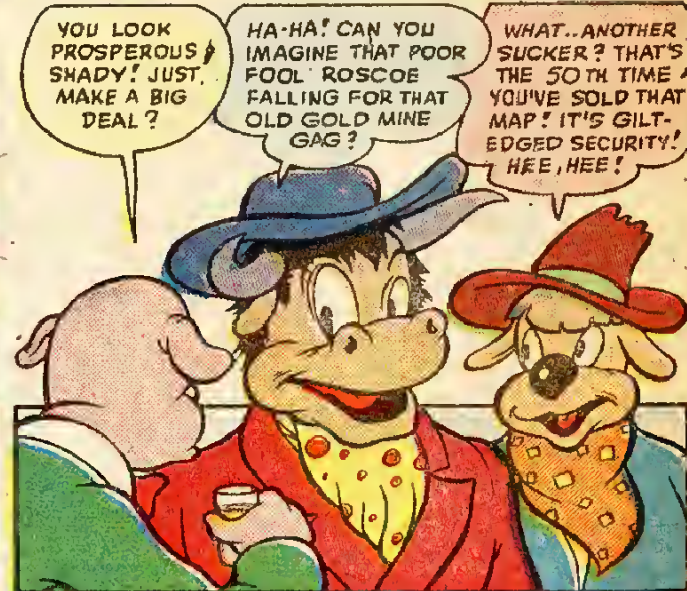
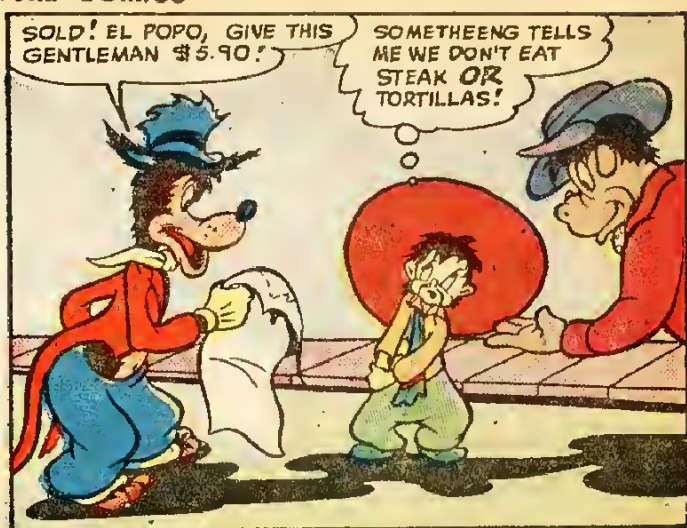
YOUR PROBLEMS  
ARE OVER, BOYS!  
I HAVE SOMETHING  
THAT WILL GUARANTEE  
YOU STEAK THREE  
TIMES A DAY!

BOYBOY!  
WHAT'S  
THE  
DEAL?

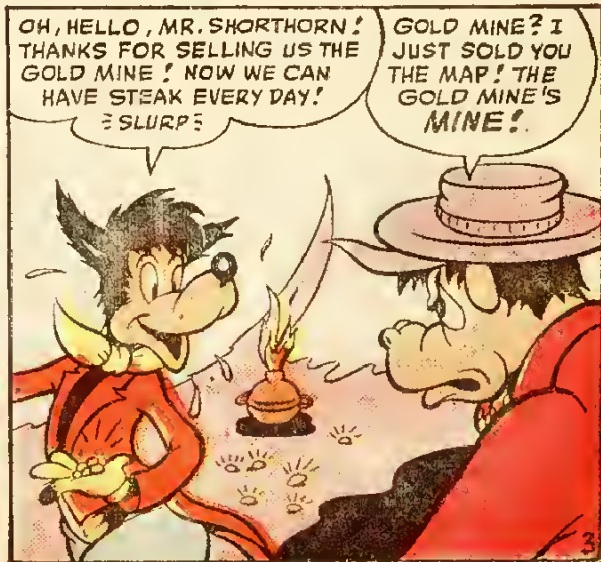
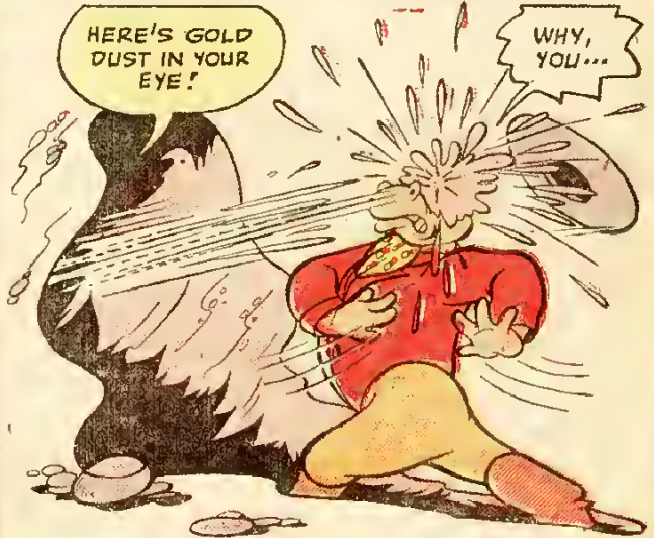
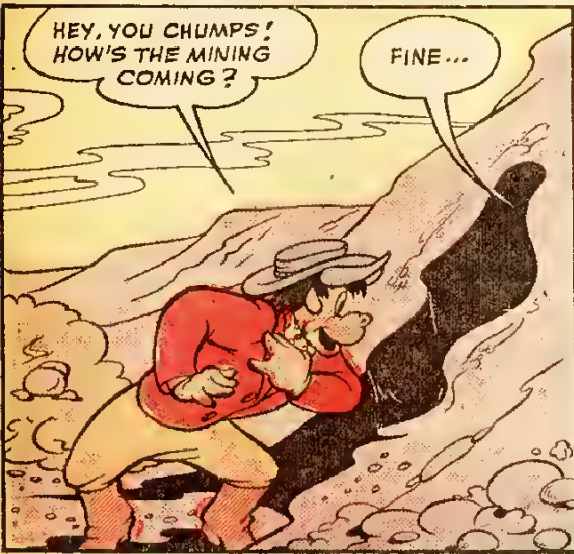
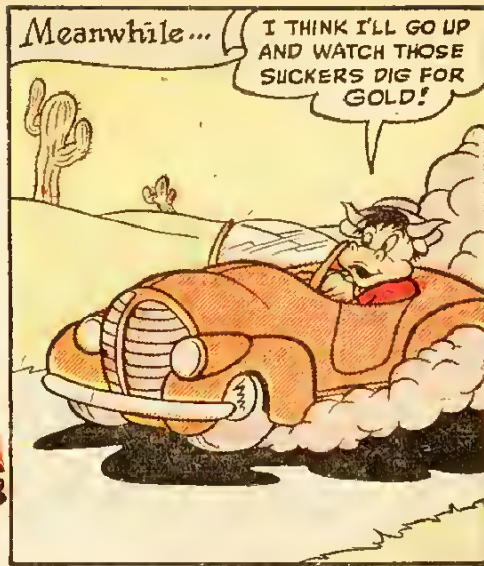
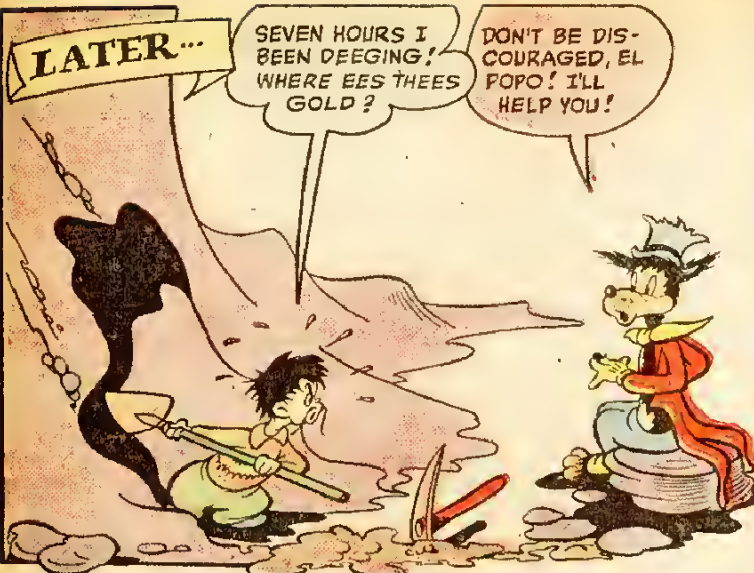
COME,  
ROSCOE!  
WE'RE IN  
A HURRY!



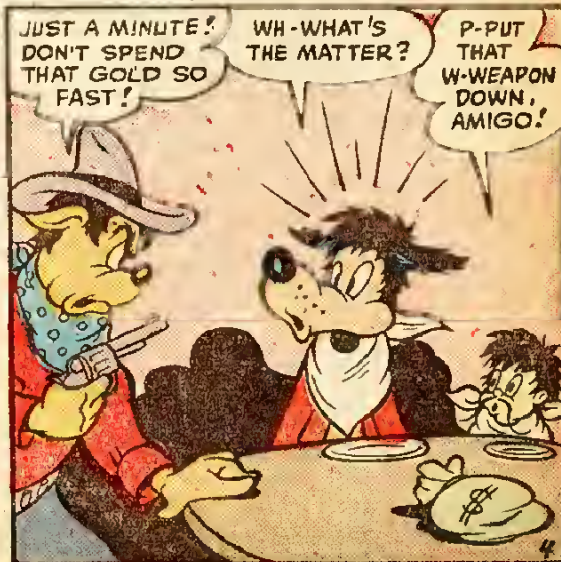
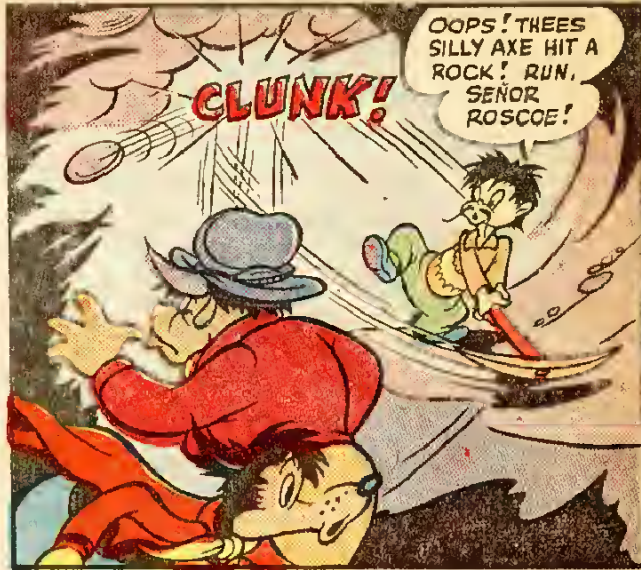




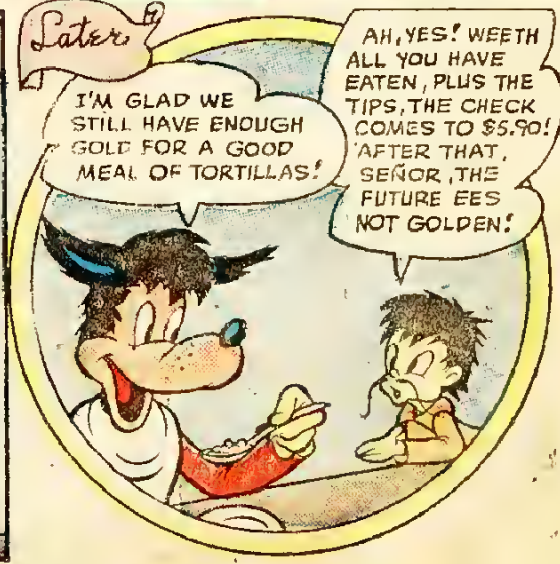
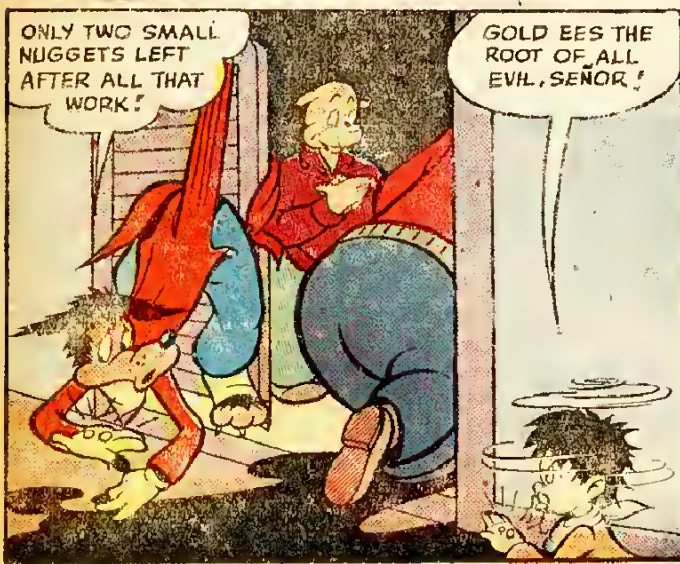
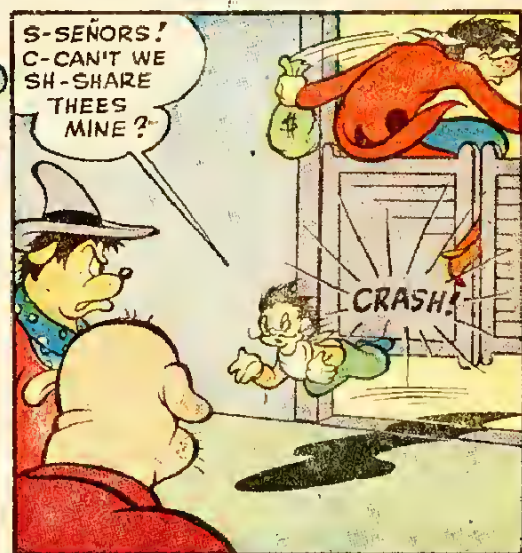
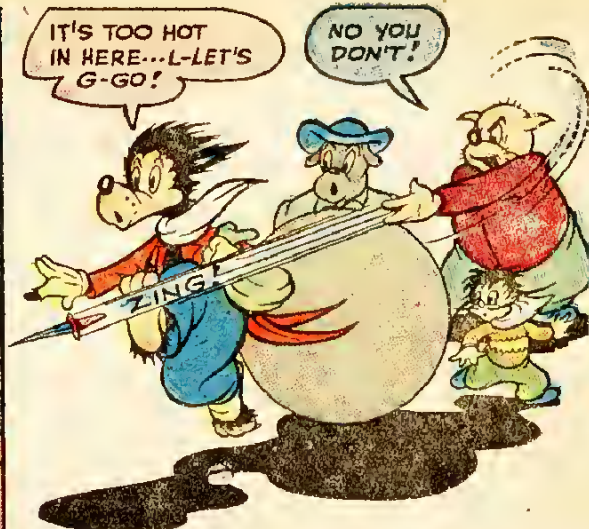
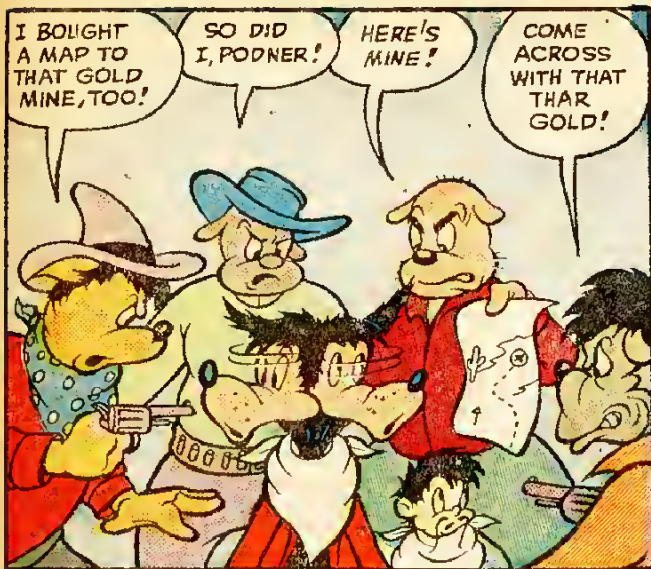














The **DOLL MAN** **FLIES HIGH** FEATURE COMICS

**D**ARREL DANE leaned low over the wheel of the convertible and pressed harder on the gas. Martha Roberts, his fiancée, sat on the edge of the seat beside him, as the car careened around the curves in the highway.

"We don't seem to be gaining an inch on them," shouted Darrel, above the shriek of the wind. "It's funny, too. This is a fast clunker."

"Look, Darrel!" Martha was pointing ahead. "They're turning into a side road."

The car they were chasing, nearly a quarter mile ahead, had turned sharply on two wheels. Darrel and Martha could hear the scream of the protesting rubber.

"He'll never get away now," said Darrel. "If he figures on crossing on the ice, he's crazy. It isn't an inch thick."

Darrel slowed the convertible as he approached the side road, then turned into it. There was no great hurry. The man could not get away.

But as they bounced along the rough side road and came in view of the river, Darrel ground his teeth in anger. The car with the man he wanted was half-way across the river, going slowly, but making definite progress toward the other side.

Darrel leaped out of his car and ran down to the water's edge. There was a sheet of ice, but water covered it for two inches. As Darrel mentally debated a dash across it, the ice began buckling and cracking. He saw the crook's car lurch and slide.

"He's a goner," he told Martha, who had followed him. "Fool! He'd have been better off to take the consequences."

The car, now three-quarters of the distance across the river, pitched and slid and tossed up great spurts of water as it dropped into holes. But the driver was a cool one. He stuck to the wheel.

Then came a grinding crash, and the whole river seemed to bulge upward under the swelling ice. The car rose with it.

"Thought so," said Darrel. "That's the last of Dooley."

Martha watched with wide eyes. Death held the crook, Dooley, in a firm, icy hand.

But then a strange thing happened. A great sheet of ice rose on a slant, balanced the car on its surface, and sent it catapulting toward the shore. The instant the car hit the bank,

Dooley stepped on the gas and shot up the steep incline. Then he drove like mad through a thicket of hazel bushes, and was soon out of sight of his pursuer.

"I'd have sworn it couldn't be done," exclaimed Darrel Dane. "That man must have a charm working for him. Well, he's slipped us this time. Might as well go home."

Dooley chuckled as he wheeled the car into a little-used road two miles from the river. So they thought they'd trap him, did they? The dopes! All the cops in Bragville couldn't throw a noose over his head! No, not even with the help of that wise-guy Darrel Dane!

Dooley knew that Dane had been chasing him. He had almost faltered at the edge of the river. The ice certainly wasn't fit for a man, let alone a car, to cross over. But Dane had been close behind. Now he was safely out of danger.

When Dooley reached the old barn far back on an abandoned farm, he eased the car into a hole in a haystack and hurried toward the interior of the barn. The farm house had long ago collapsed.

Two of his boys were playing cards when Dooley stepped into the hidden back room of the barn. They looked up, grinning, as he entered.

"Any luck, Dooley?" asked one of them.

Dooley shook his head. "Not this time. I darn near went through the river ice. Dane was after me."

"Dane!" snarled the other man. "Why don't we get that rat, Dooley? He's the one who gives us all the trouble."

Dooley sat down on a chair and laid his hands out in front of him. "I agree, boys," he said. "We've got to stop Dane or we're washed up here. An' this is a mighty fat town for picking."

Dooley grinned evilly. "Dane'll fall for a trap same as anyone else, and we'll arrange a little trap for Mr. Dane to walk into."

The other two listened. Dooley was boss.

"Now here's what we do, boys," said Dooley, leaning confidentially across the table.

Meanwhile, Darrel Dane was in conference with John Ramey, Bragville's Chief of Police.

"Darrel," said the Chief; "I don't like to hand out such a dangerous assignment to a civilian—even one of your caliber."

Darrel laughed. "Don't worry about me,



Chief. This is the sort of thing I eat up. I've sworn to get Dooley, and I'll get him!"

Ramey nodded. "I know. He pulled a dirty one when he bombed your friend's warehouse. Wiped him out, I understand."

"Every cent he had," replied Darrel. "Jack almost lost his mind after that. I'm going to see that he is avenged, in part at least."

"Well," said Chief Ramey, "we on the force have about reached the end of our rope. Dooley and his gang have had things their own way for a long time. We seem powerless to halt their depredations."

The telephone rang on Ramey's desk and he picked up the instrument. He listened for a moment, then handed the phone to Darrel. "For you."

Darrel listened to a raucous voice for a moment, then hung up.

"Darrel," said Ramey, "that was Dooley, wasn't it? I see it in your face."

Darrel nodded. "I think so. I think he's laying a trap for me. Wants me to come to the old Redmond farm—their hangout. Says he has a deal to make with me, something about a master switch—whatever that means."

"Of course you're not going?" said Ramey with deep concern on his face. "Certainly it's a trap!"

"I'm going—tonight. And no tailing me, Chief. Dooley says if there are any cops around, he won't show."

"But—" began Ramey.

"No, Chief. I go alone. This may be the break we've waited for." Darrel stood up. "Well, I'm off. I'll let you know the outcome by midnight."

At nine o'clock that night, Darrel slipped through the scrub oaks to within a hundred yards of the dilapidated barn where Dooley hung out. He carried a small electronic recorder in one hand. It was clicking a series of warning clicks.

"Just as I thought," said Darrel to himself. "Dooley's planned a shocking surprise for me, with charged wires all around the barn. That's what he meant when he said over the phone that he would deal me in on a master switch. Funny how a con will always give out a hint of what he's up to—out of sheer confidence in his own power, I guess."

Darrel unfolded a large box kite and carried it several hundred yards across a field from the barn.

"We'll see who turns on the power," he said, as he ran with the kite into the breeze. Quickly the kite rose, caught an air current, and soared aloft. He paid out the heavy cord slowly, until the kite was up several hundred feet. Then he walked to a spot where the kite was immediately above the barn.

Then Darrel Dane did a strange thing. By a super effort of will he contracted every mole-

cule in his body until, from a full-grown man, he had shrunk to a tiny mite, scarcely a foot tall.

Now he was the invincible Doll Man, the deadly little giant whom all criminals feared—the bane of the underworld.

The Doll Man!

As Darrel Dane, he had securely tied the end of the kite cord to a tree trunk. Now, as the Doll Man, he grasped the cord at its base and began climbing rapidly. The cord sagged slightly. The Doll Man kept climbing. Up—up—until he was a mere speck in the night sky. In five minutes he had reached the kite. It hovered directly over the barn.

In one box of the kite there was a ball of heavy cord. The Doll Man secured one end of the cord to a strut on the kite, and tossed the rest of the ball earthward. The cord dangled down in the darkness. He swung onto it and let himself down, hand-over-hand. In a moment he was on the roof of the barn. Clinging to some ancient ivy vines, he looked into a small window under the eaves.

Dooley was inside, with a gun in his hand. So were his two henchmen. They were waiting. Dooley watched the meter on a small box on the table. It was undoubtedly an indicator that would register the instant someone stepped on the mass of charged wires that encircled the barn.

Perched on the window sill, the Doll Man was a fair target for the shifty glance of Dooley as he suddenly looked up. He brought up his pistol and pumped several wild shots at the little creature.

"The Doll Man!" shouted Dooley. "Look out, you guys! Shoot the little rat!"

But the little rat was not there when the fusillade of shots splintered the window sill. He was leaping in an arc across the small room. His fist contacted Dooley on the chin and the big man went over with a crash. He was out.

The Doll Man leaped upward in another great drive, catching one of Dooley's pals on the button. With a loud grunt, he went down to join his boss.

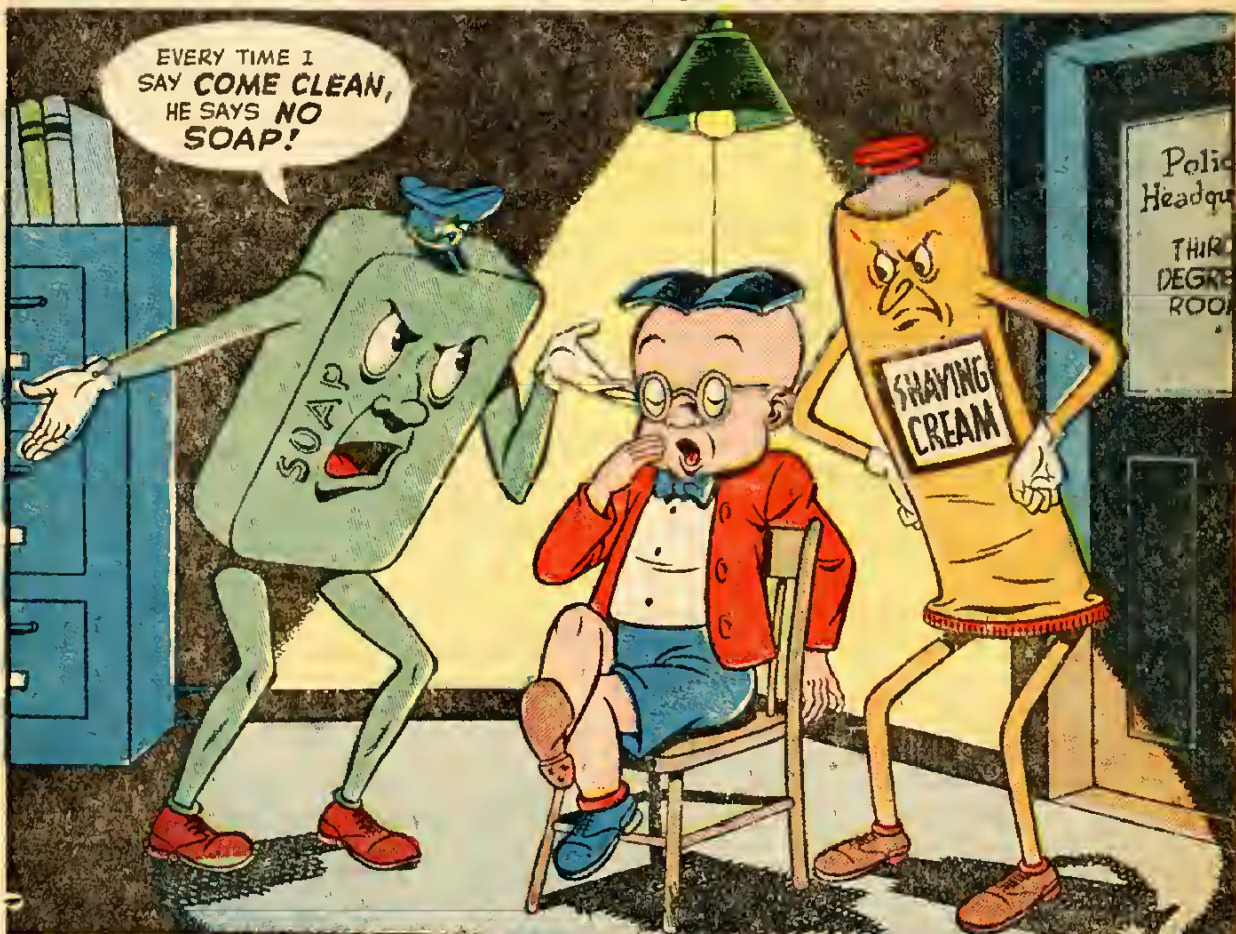
The other guy was a slick customer. He dodged and twisted, trying to bring his gun to bear on the speedy midget. But though he pulled the trigger several times, no bullet struck home. Finally, he threw the empty gun at the Doll Man, just as the latter hit him in the chest with both tiny feet. A haymaker finished the thug, folding him up like a sack.

"That's it," said the Doll Man. Then he willed himself back to his normal self. He picked up Dooley's phone and dialed Chief Ramey.

"Come on out, Chief," he said. "Dooley and his boys are sleeping peacefully here in the barn. There's a charged barricade around the place, but I know how to cut the current. It's the end of the deal for a master switch."



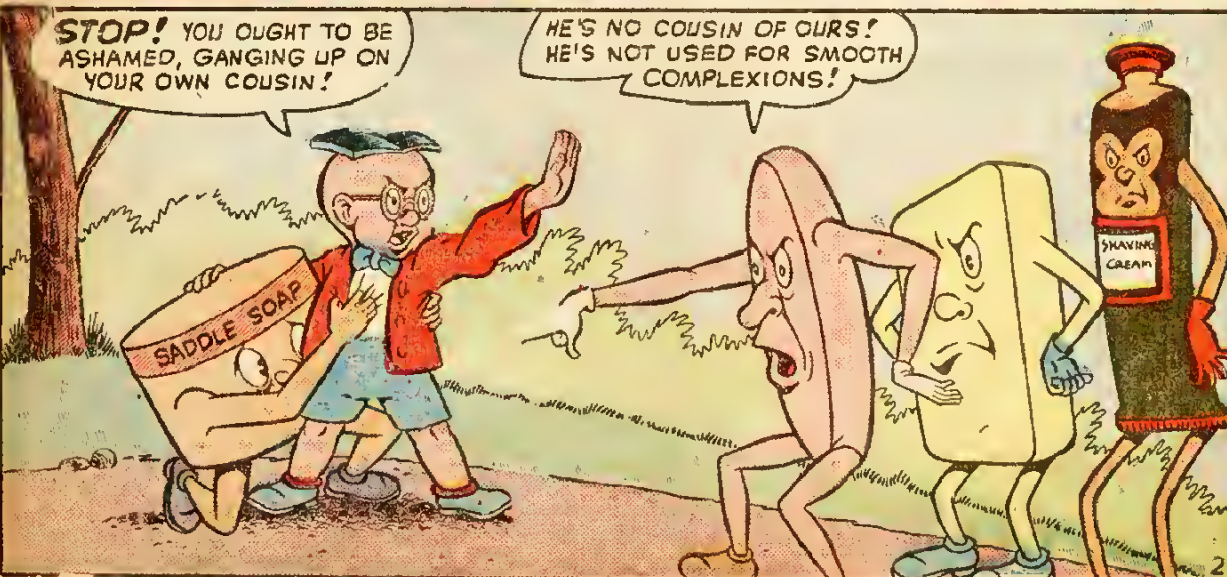
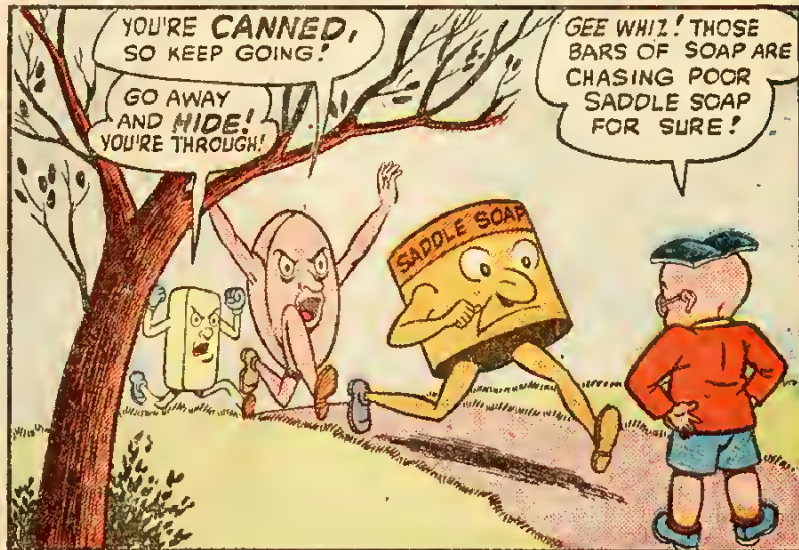
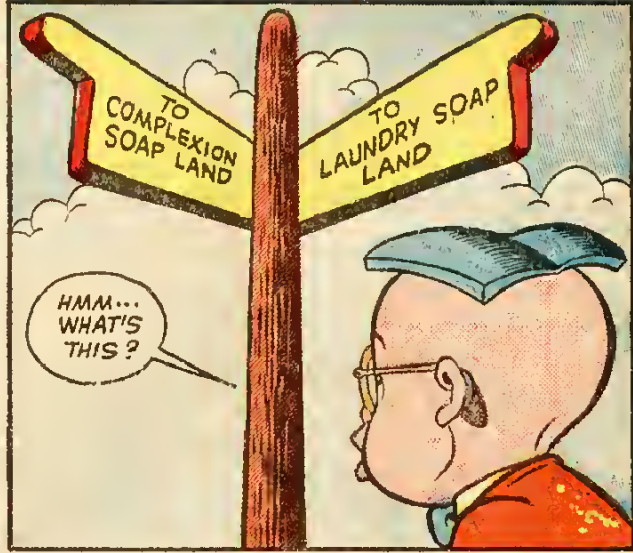
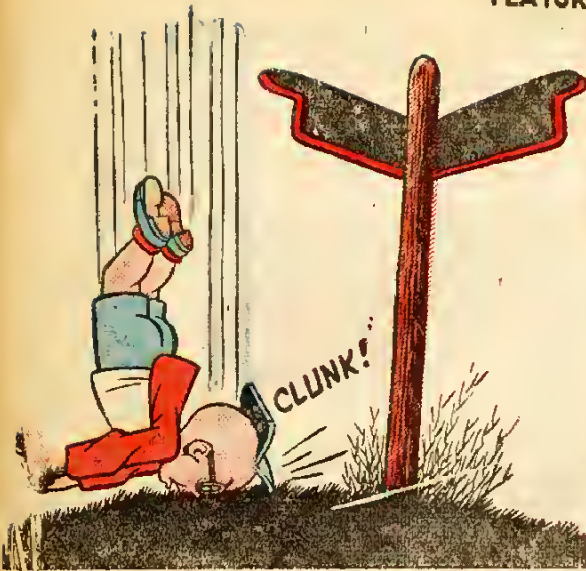
# PERKY



When is a soap not a soap? Perky, who volunteered at a vaudeville show to step into an amateur magician's vanishing box...and then vanished...has since been flying off to other worlds at every new pull of the lever on the box! This time, Perky keeps his record clean with an adventure in the World of Soap!









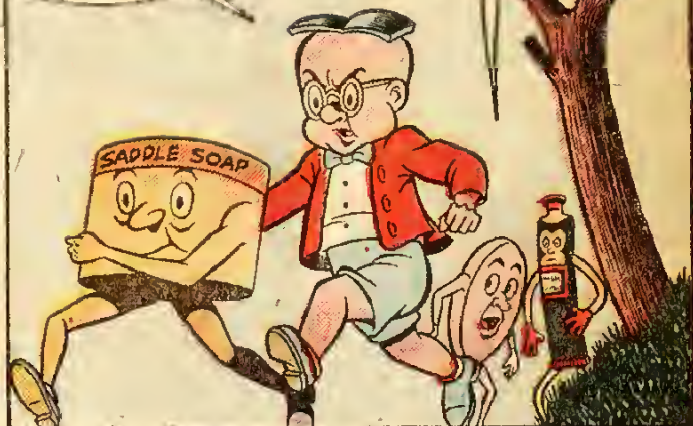
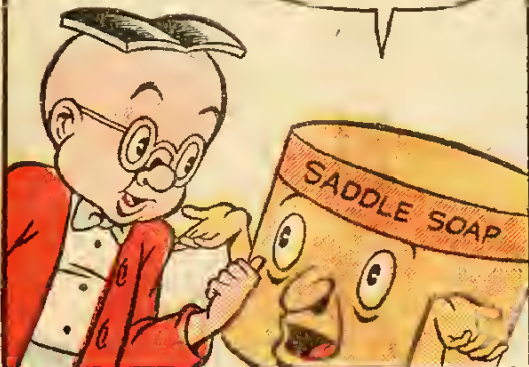
# FEATURE COMICS

MY NAME IS PERKY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE HERE?

WELL... ER, QUEEN BEAUTY SOAP EXILED ME BECAUSE SHE CLAIMS SADDLE SOAP DOESN'T BEAUTIFY ANYBODY'S LOOKS!

LET'S GO, SADDLE! WE'LL SEE THE QUEEN ABOUT THIS!

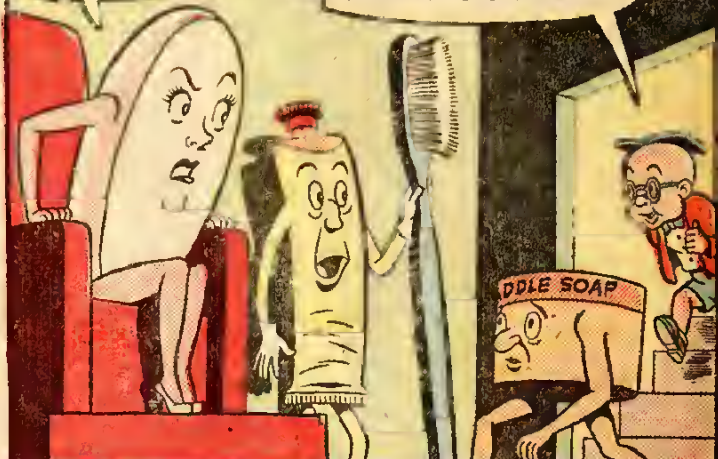
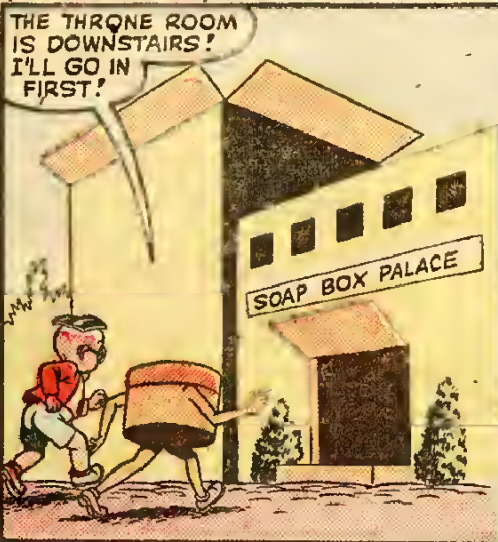
GEE! THIS'LL PUT HER HIGHNESS IN A LATHER!



THE THRONE ROOM IS DOWNSTAIRS! I'LL GO IN FIRST!

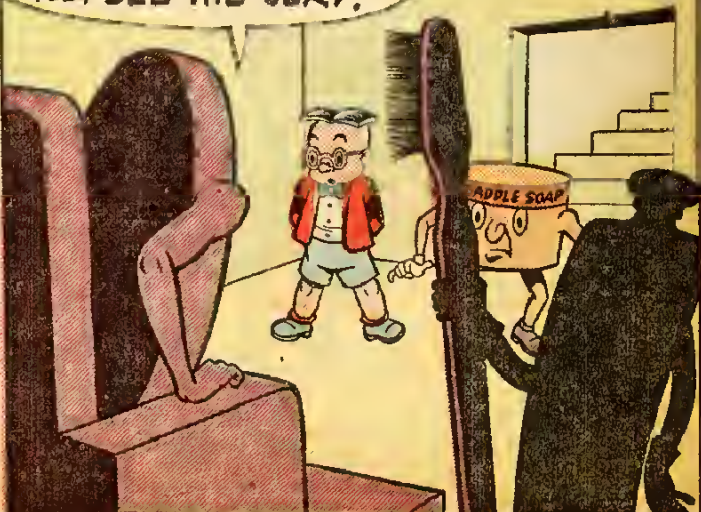
WHAT? YOU BACK AGAIN?

THAT'S RIGHT, QUEENIE... AND I'M GOING TO ACT AS COUNSEL FOR HIM!



NOW DON'T TRY TO SOFT SOAP ME... MY JURY DECIDED THAT HE'S ONLY GOOD ON LEATHER AND LEATHER COMES FROM ANIMALS! WHO CARES WHETHER LEATHER HAS A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION OR NOT?

IF THAT DOESN'T CONVINCE YOU, SEE THE JURY!



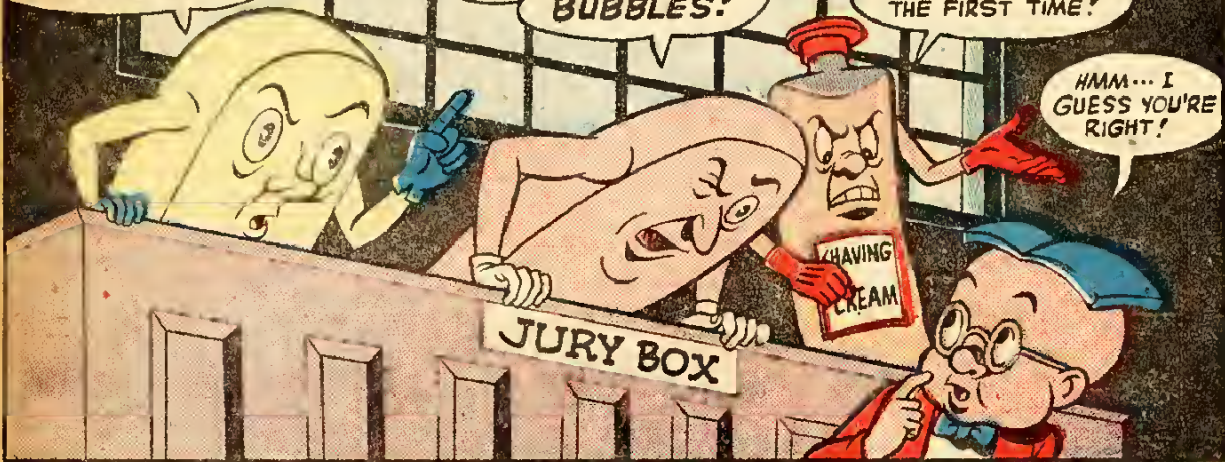


Y'BETTER TELL SADDLE SOAP  
TO **COME CLEAN** AND ADMIT  
HE'S **NO SOAP**!

YEAH! AND TAKE A TIP FROM  
ME! HE'D BETTER BLOW,  
AN' I DON'T MEAN  
**BUBBLES!**

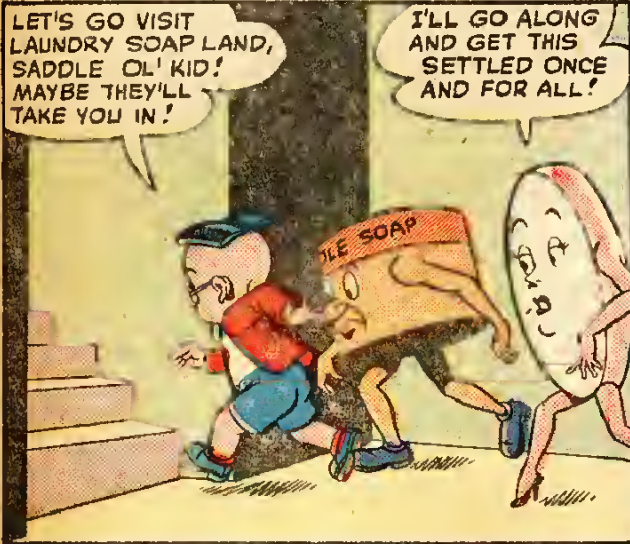
HE ALREADY HAD ONE  
**CLOSE SHAVE** WHEN  
WE THREW HIM OUT  
THE FIRST TIME!

HMM... I  
GUESS YOU'RE  
RIGHT!



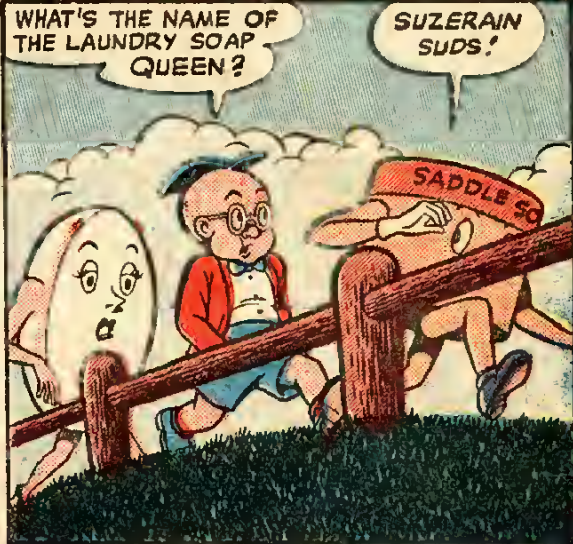
LET'S GO VISIT  
LAUNDRY SOAP LAND,  
SADDLE OL' KID!  
MAYBE THEY'LL  
TAKE YOU IN!

I'LL GO ALONG  
AND GET THIS  
SETTLED ONCE  
AND FOR ALL!

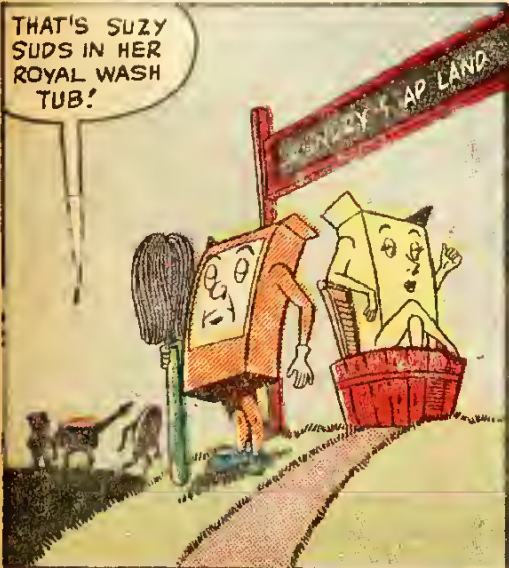


WHAT'S THE NAME OF  
THE LAUNDRY SOAP  
QUEEN?

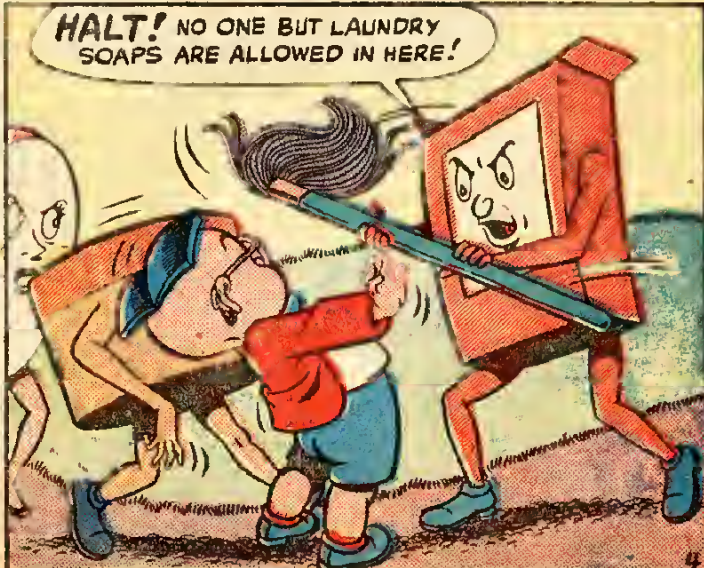
SUZERAIN  
SUDS!



THAT'S SUZY  
SUDS IN HER  
ROYAL WASH  
TUB!



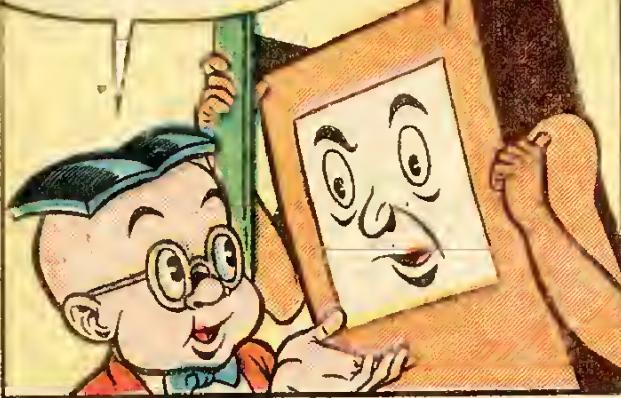
**HALT!** NO ONE BUT LAUNDRY  
SOAPS ARE ALLOWED IN HERE!



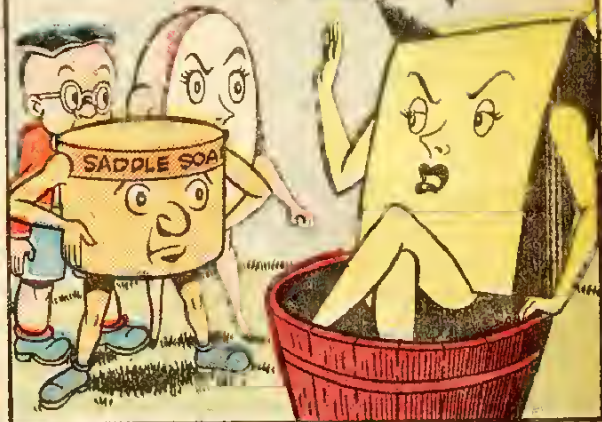


LOOK, MR. LAUNDRY SOAP, QUEEN BEAUTY AND I ARE JUST VISITORS BUT SADDLE SOAP WOULD LIKE TO BECOME A CITIZEN!

SPEAK TO QUEEN SUZY SUDS! SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING!



IT'S NO GO! HE'S NOT A LAUNDRY SOAP, SO I REFUSE TO HAVE HIM!



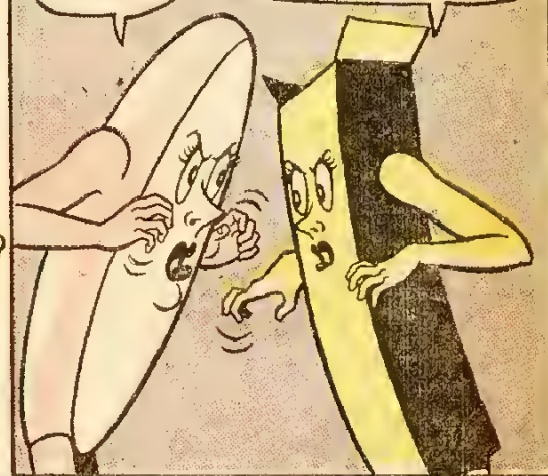
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HE LAUNDERS LEATHER!

NOW LOOK, QUEEN BEAUTY! YOU'RE PRETTY SLICK, BUT YOU'RE NOT SLIPPING THIS OVER ON ME!



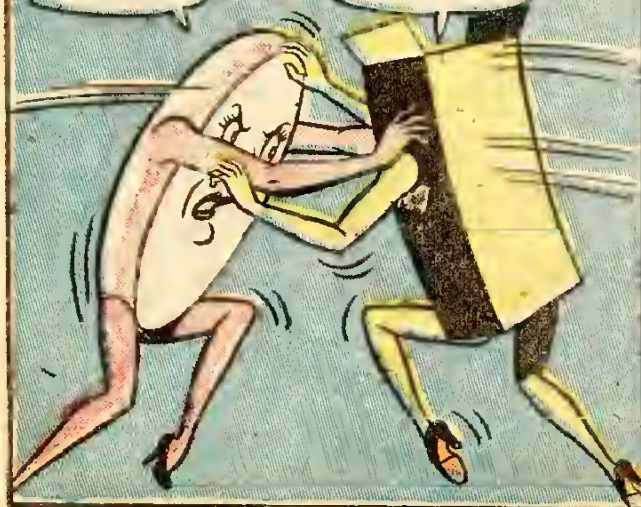
THAT'S A LYE!

WHY, YOU SUBSTITUTE FOR A MUD PACK!



MUD PACK, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU!

YOU AND HOW MANY BARS?



WAIT! WHY ALL THE FIGHTING? WHY NOT SELECT SOMEONE TO RULE OVER BOTH THE LAUNDRY SOAPS AND THE COMPLEXION SOAPS?

AND WHO WOULD THAT BE?





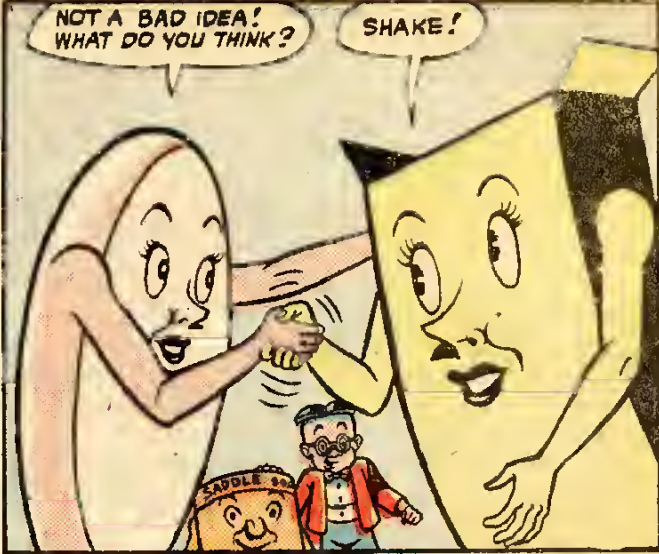
I'VE GOT IT! FRIENDSHIP AMONG SOAPS SHOULD BE A CLEAN-CUT PROPOSITION! WHY NOT MAKE SADDLE THE IMPARTIAL RULER OF THE SOAP WORLD?

SADDLE SOAP



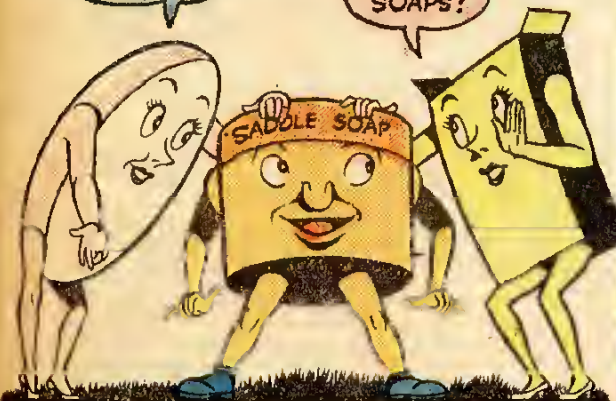
NOT A BAD IDEA! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SHAKE!



AND NOW, KING SADDLE SOAP, WON'T YOU HONOR US BY COMING TO STAY WITH THE COMPLEXION SOAPS?

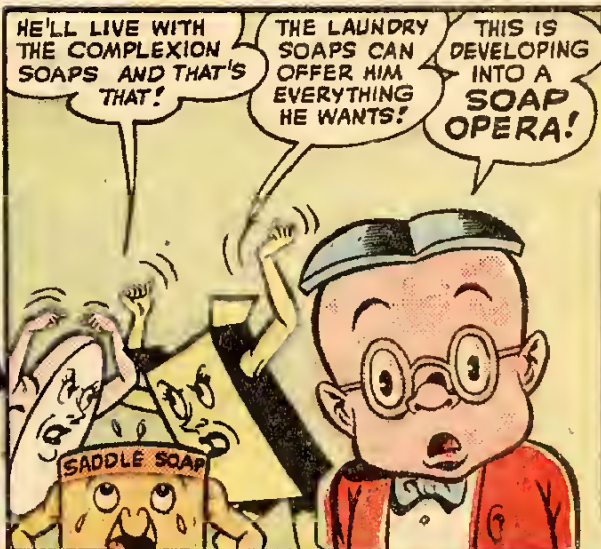
OH NO! HIS MAJESTY WOULD MUCH PREFER TO STAY WITH THE LAUNDRY SOAPS!



HE'LL LIVE WITH THE COMPLEXION SOAPS AND THAT'S THAT!

THE LAUNDRY SOAPS CAN OFFER HIM EVERYTHING HE WANTS!

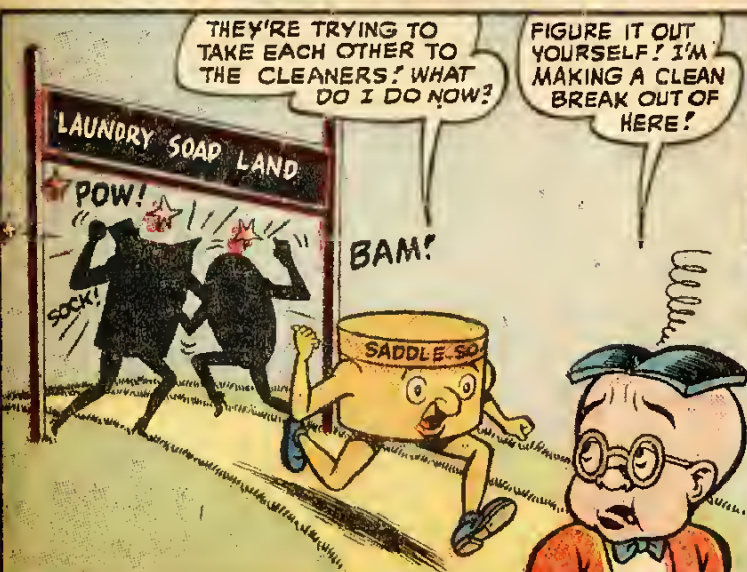
THIS IS DEVELOPING INTO A SOAP OPERA!



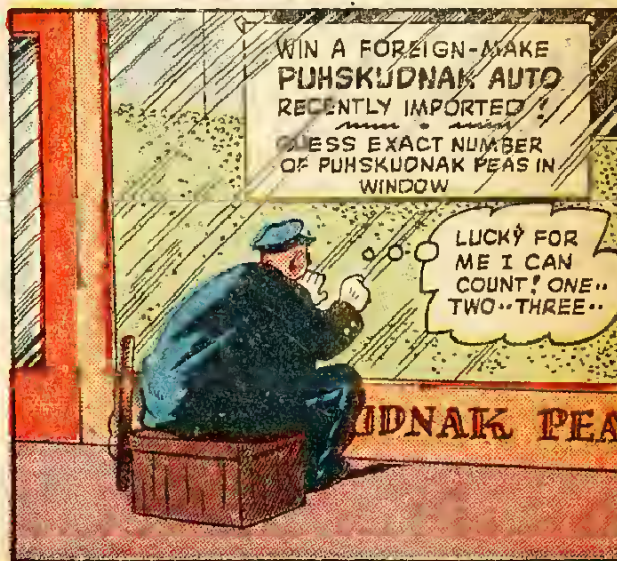
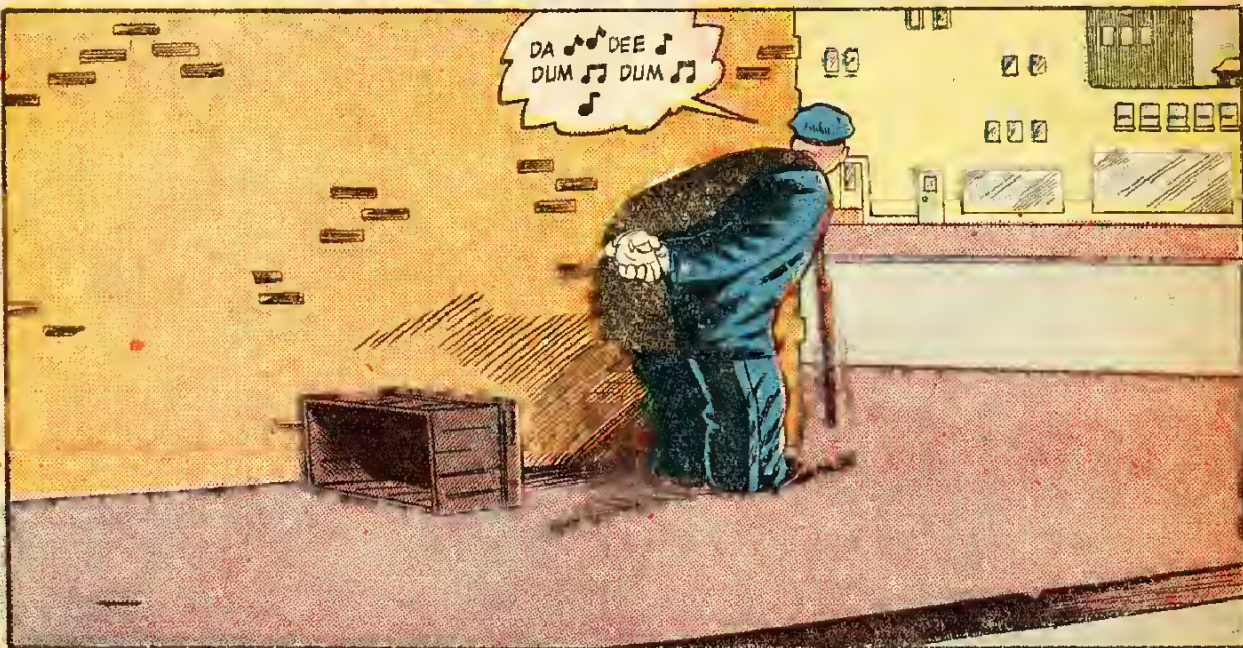
THEY'RE TRYING TO TAKE EACH OTHER TO THE CLEANERS! WHAT DO I DO NOW?

FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF! I'M MAKING A CLEAN BREAK OUT OF HERE!

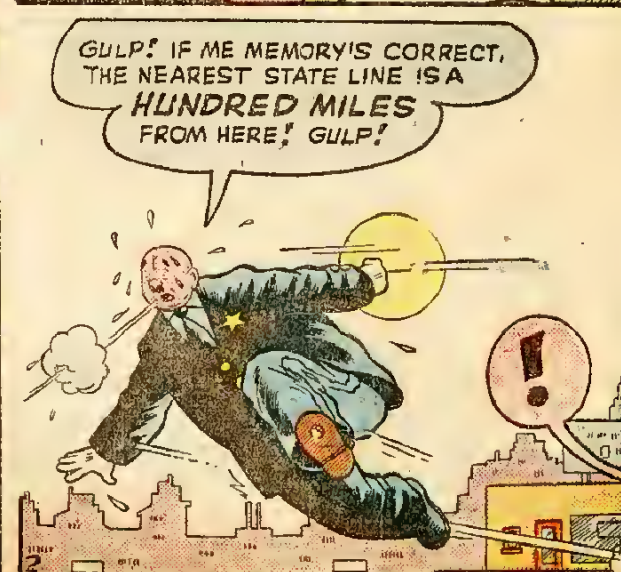
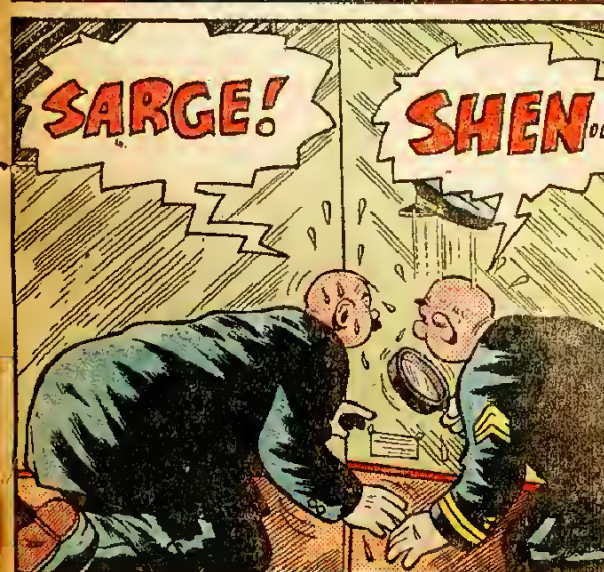
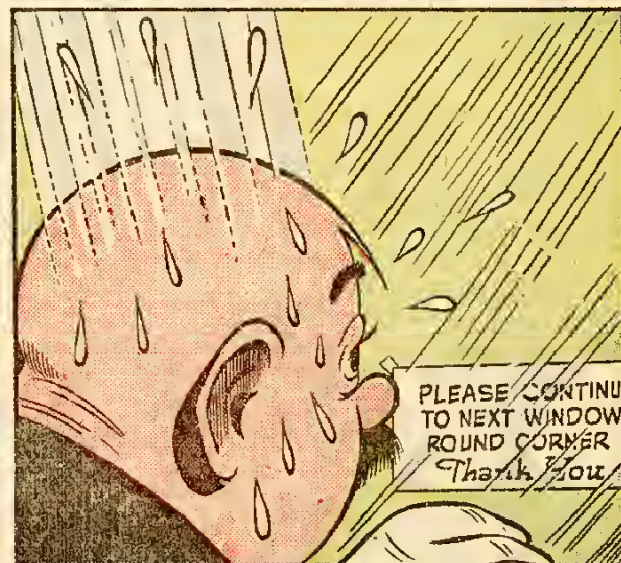
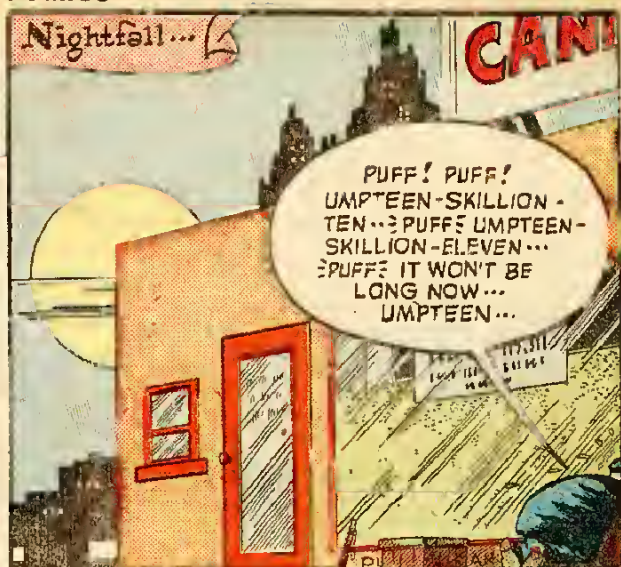
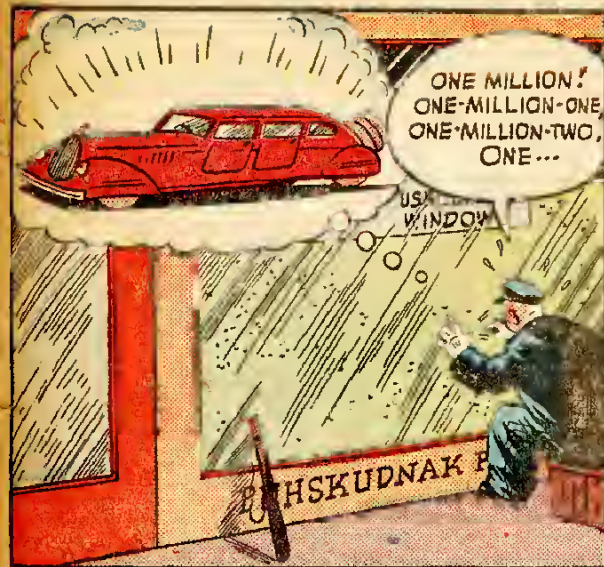
S'LONG, KIDS! AND REMEMBER, SOAPS AREN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT SLIP UNDER PRESSURE!



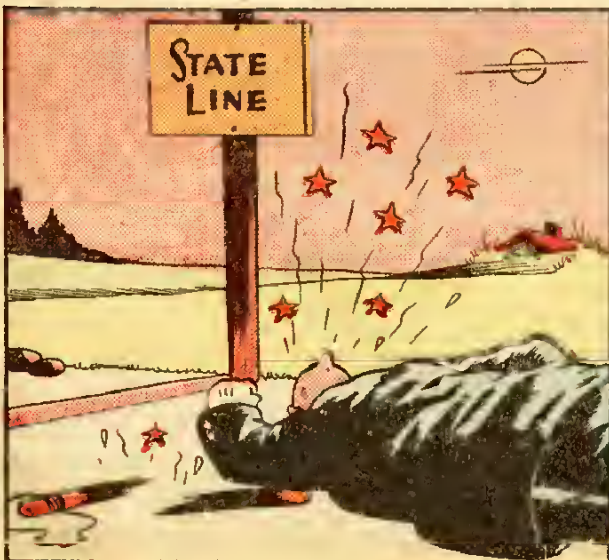
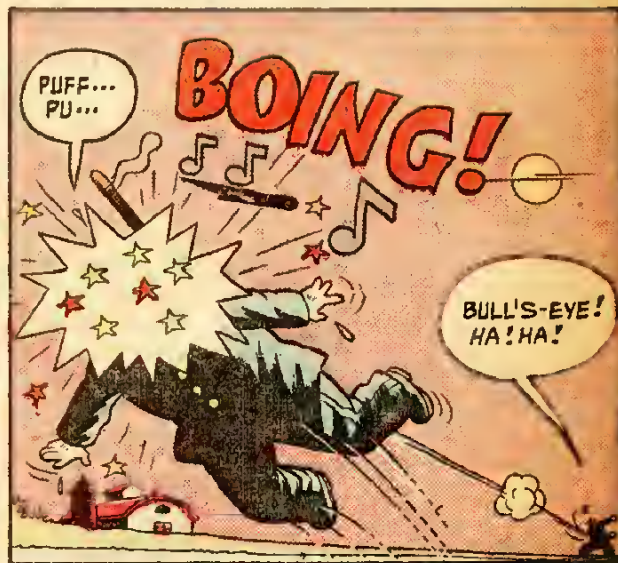
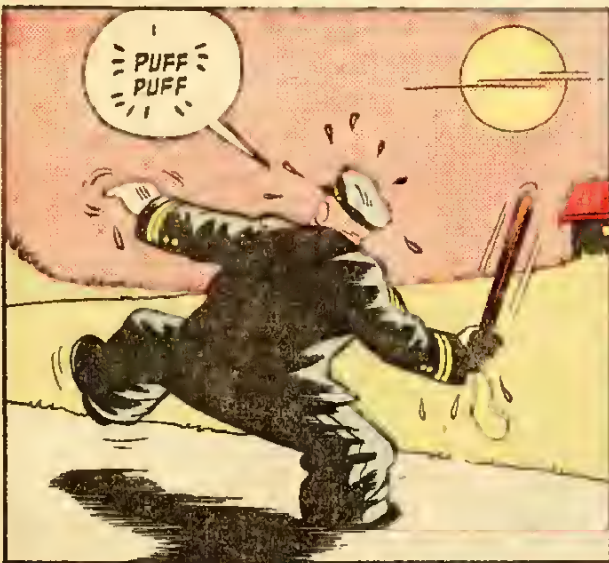
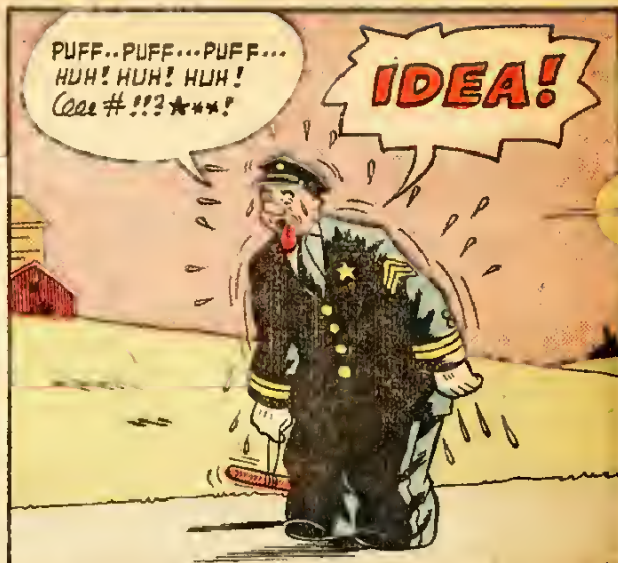




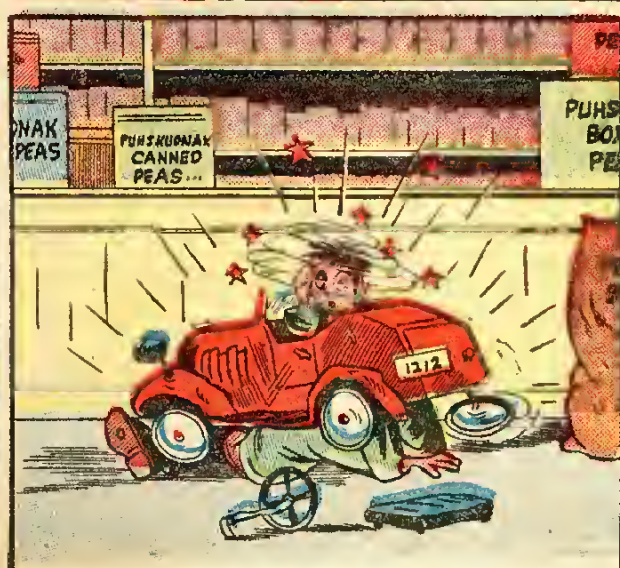
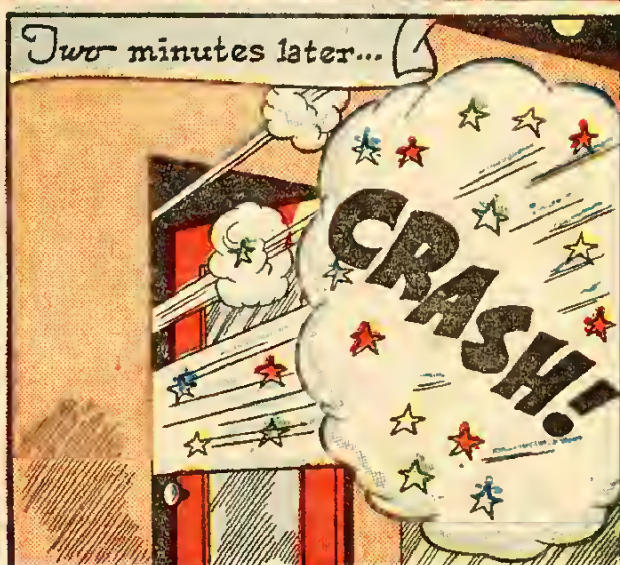
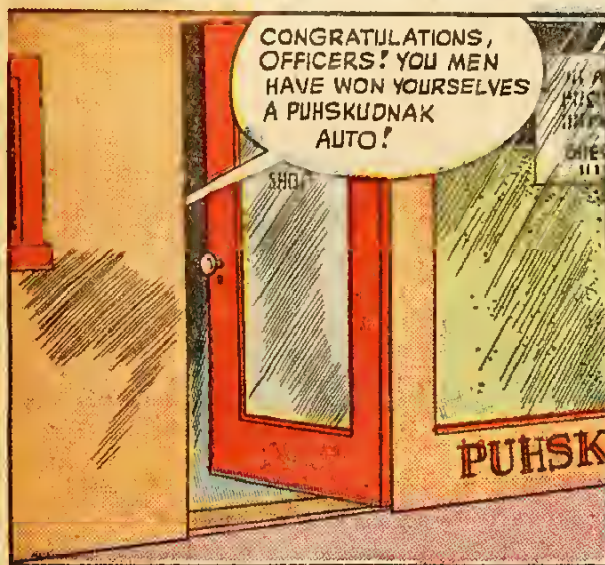
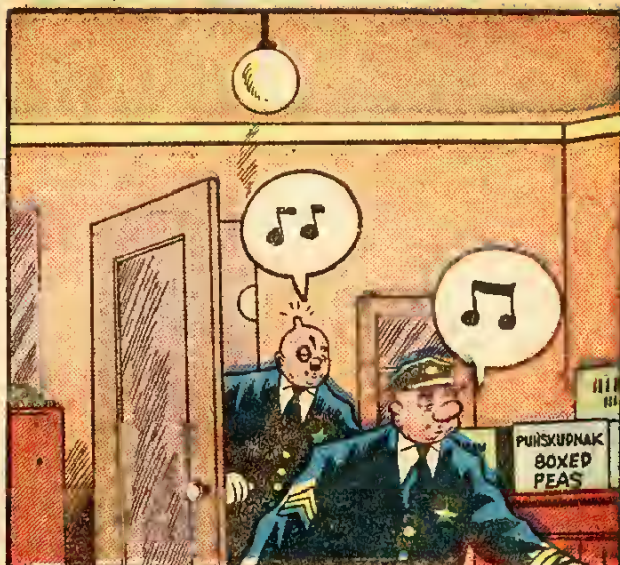
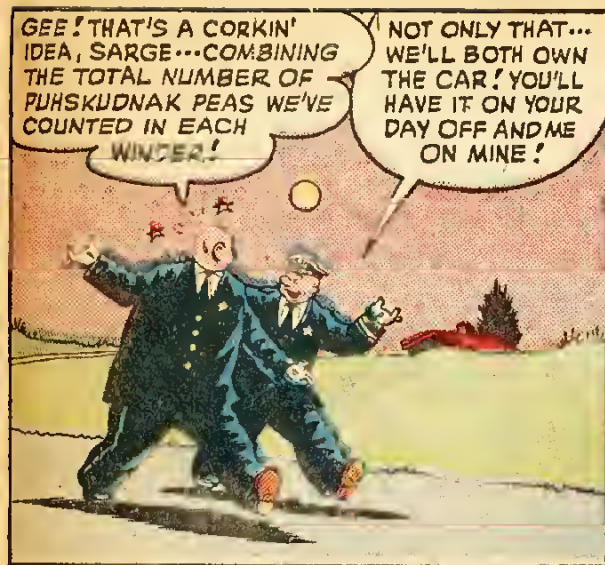


















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 says BOYS-GIRLS, see  
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**"The BABE RUTH STORY"**  
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 SWELL  
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and **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY  
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 THEY ALWAYS SAY —  
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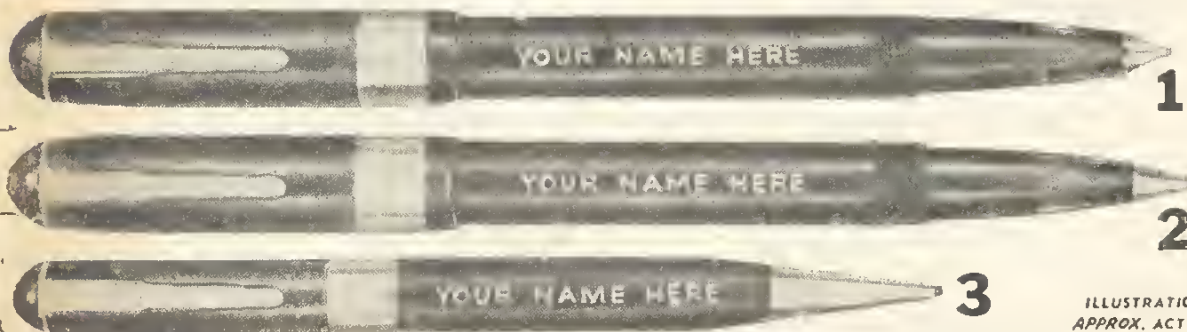
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New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're saving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

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Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

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Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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And to think they used to call me

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Give Me 15 Minutes A Day  
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PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

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Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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Name.....  
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